The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 47 NO. 4
APRIL 1960
Special Short Story Issue

Words of Easter

Alberta H. Christensen

"And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word" (Luke 10:39).

His word was more than nuance of sound
Syllable-shaped for time to remember.
For the questioning heart his word was light,
Morning, after the sleep of darkness;
The sudden flame from a waning ember;
Sunlight of spring on the frozen ground.

For the troubled heart in the silent hour
It was song in the stillness; the luminous cloud,
Promise for root in the withering plain.
The sorrowing heart knew his word as power—
With the step of Lazarus quick again
On the homing roadway, free of the shroud.

To the humble of earth his word was more
Than wool of raiment, sandal, and bread;
It was peace and a healing against their grief—
The kingdom glimpsed through an open door.
They listened at dusk — Mary and Martha
Moved by the wonder; blessed with belief!

The Cover: St. Mary's Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana
From a Transparency by Hal Rumel

Frontispiece: Jesus in the House of Mary and Martha, From a Painting by Ludwig Otto, Photograph From Camera Clix, New York

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

From Near and Far

The beautiful cover on the March 1959 *Magazine* ("Scene in the Ozark Mountains, Arkansas") brought back memories to me. My husband had spent two years in the Ozark Mountains as a missionary. So, when we took a trip East, naturally we went to Arkansas. We drove down just such a shady lane, and my husband inquired of just such a boy, about the next town. I always scan the contents of the *Magazine* to see if my dear friend and school companion Mabel Law Atkinson has a new story or poem for us.

—Mrs. Ada Ipsen
Malad, Idaho

A few minutes ago, I opened my front door, and there was the new *Magazine*. I was preparing a small package for my daughter for her birthday. All morning I had searched in books, in my files, in my memory, for a poem that I could add to the gift that would express my feelings for her. And there in the *Magazine* was just what I was trying to say, in the poem "What Can I Give You?" by Christie Lund Coles. Thanks for a wonderful *Magazine* that always seems to answer our every need.

—Mrs. Elda Stafford
Birmingham, Alabama

I give you my heartfelt thanks for all the *Relief Society Magazines* that you have sent to me. We are able to read only a few words, but yet understand much of it, and the pictures are wonderful.

—Mrs. T. Drent
Sneek, Netherlands

I would like to congratulate you for the wonderful work you are doing in the publication of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Every month I anxiously wait for my *Magazine* to arrive. I enjoy all the articles published in the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Kiniuyo Fukuda
Hilo, Hawaii

I do enjoy reading the *Magazine* and learn so much from it. I really look forward to receiving it each month and am truly grateful for it.

—Doreen Andersen
Holstebro, Denmark

I am so pleased and proud to have my poem "Letter From a Missionary" appear in the February issue (page 85). It is a beautiful *Magazine*, as it is each month. We were all so happy for Lucille Perry from Bountiful, who placed second in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. I feel Mrs. Roberts' first-place poem was a work of great depth and feeling. The strong undercurrents suggested in the simple, but well-chosen words gave me food for thought for many days. The poems in this February issue seem especially beautiful. I thought as I read Lael W. Hill's poem "Hour of Waiting," now this is true art, and such expert craftsmanship that it but adds to the beauty of the whole.

—Mabel Jones Gabbott
Bountiful, Utah

I thank you for my *Magazine* received a couple of days ago. . . . You may wonder how I came to receive this *Magazine*. Well, Mrs. Louise Palmer of Provo, Utah, sends it to me as a birthday gift, as my birthday is on the same date as her late husband's was. Mrs. Palmer and I used to be "pen friends," then she came on an air trip to London to be present at the opening of the new temple. From there she was conducted to Sheffield by two elders who were staying with my daughter in Pitsmoor, Sheffield. My daughter brought Mrs. Palmer to our house in Hillsbro. . . . Talk about excitement! We just hadn't time to say and do all we would have liked, but we didn't do so bad. . . . Our visit was all too short as Mrs. Palmer had to rejoin her party and finish the tour, but it was long enough for us all to form a lovely friendship. . . .

—Mrs. Nellie Goodison
Hillsbro
Sheffield, England

I am writing to let you know how much I appreciate Lael W. Hill's poem "Hour of Waiting," the frontispiece in the February issue of the *Magazine*. It exemplifies her talent for technique. Her poems enthrall me. I also like the serial "The New Day."

—Grace Ingles Frost
Provo, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
Louise W. Madsen - - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
Hulda Parker - - - - - - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Anna B. Hart, Edith S. Elliott, Florence J. Madsen, Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Aleine M. Young, Josie B. Bay, Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, Mildred B. Eyring, Charlotte A. Larsen, Edith P. Backman, Winniefred S. Manwaring, Elna P. Haymond, Annie M. Ellsworth, Mary R. Young, Mary V. Cameron, Afton W. Hunt, Wealtha S. Mendenhall, Pearle M. Olsen, Elsa T. Peterson, Irene B. Woodford, Fanny S. Kienitz, Elizabeth B. Winters, LaRue H. Rosell, Jennie R. Scott

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

VOL. 47 APRIL 1960 NO. 4

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Restoration ..... Antoine R. Ivins 212
The West Central States Mission ..... Preston R. Nibley 216
Using the Blackboard in Teaching Lessons in Relief Society ..... William E. Berrett 228
The Widening Circle ..... Charlotte R. Leyden 243
Christening the New Carriage ..... Lula Walker 261

FICTION — SPECIAL APRIL SHORT STORIES

That Special Flavor ..... Dorothy S. Romney 218
Uncle Matt and the China Doll ..... Sylvia Probst Young 223
The Blue Bowl — Part I ..... Loya Beck 230
Room in Her Heart ..... Shirley Thulin 234
To Die Before Thy Time ..... Helen Bay Gibbons 247
The New Day — Chapter 7 (Conclusion) ..... Hazel K. Todd 267

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 210
Sixty Years Ago 238
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 239
Editorial: "They Shall Speak With New Tongues" ..... Vesta P. Crawford 240
Notes to the Field: Brigham Young University On-Campus Leadership Week 242
Lesson Previews to Appear in the June Issue of **The Relief Society Magazine** 243
Special Feature for the July 1960 **Magazine** 237
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Hulda Parker 270
Birthday Congratulations 280

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Recipes From the West Central States Mission ..... Anna C. Merrill 244
Cosmetics for Grandma ..... Esther H. Lamb 250
Planters for the Patio ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 251
Thirteen Don'ts in Sewing for a Best-Dressed You ..... Wilma M. Rich 254
Moonlight ..... Celia Luce 255
Do It Yourself ..... Joy Hulme 256
Christening the New Carriage ..... Lula Walker 261
The Old Red Couch ..... Helen B. Morris 263
Pathways ..... Evelyn Cox 265
Applesauce Bread ..... Myrtle Ainsworth 265
Anna Whitney Johnson — Gifted Artist 266
A Touch of the Divine ..... Wilma Boyle Bunker 278
A Christmas Chest for All the Year ..... Elizabeth C. McCrimmon 278

POETRY

Words of Easter — Frontispiece ..... Alberta H. Christensen 209
April Road ..... Katherine F. Larsen 214
Blue Talisman of Spring ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 215
Spring Symphony ..... Linnie F. Robinson 227
At Easter ..... Ouida Johns Pedersen 241
Wild Morning Glories ..... Ethel Jacobson 246
Masterpiece ..... Viola Quinn Willmore 250
Untold Promise ..... Vesta N. Fairbairn 255
Claim ..... Maude Rubin 260
Home Responsibility ..... Winona F. Thomas 266
The Wild Plum Tree ..... Evelyn Fjeldsted 269
Charity ..... Iris W. Schow 276
Easter Message ..... Matia McClelland Burk 279
Someone is Coming ..... Mabel Law Atkinson 280

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Copyright 1959 by General Board of Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Editorial and Business Offices: 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah: Phone EMpire 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $2.00 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; 20c a copy; payable in advance. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

The Restoration

President Antoine R. Ivins
Of the First Council of Seventy

THIS dispensation of the GOSPEL was initiated by the vision given to the lad Joseph Smith Jr. in the Sacred Grove near Palmyra, New York. In it the Prophet was told that he should not affiliate himself with any of the then existent church groups, and that the time would come when, if he were to live properly, he would be the instrument whom the Lord would use to re-establish the TRUTH among the people.

In this vision the great confusion regarding the personality of Jesus Christ and God the Father was cleared up. In reality, it was a verification of the promise made to Peter when Christ told him that he would establish his Church upon the revealed testimony that he is the Son of God, for God introduced Christ to Joseph Smith as his Son.

Some time after this first manifestation, the Prophet had others in which he was given much instruction and was prepared to receive the plates from which The Book of Mormon was translated. This book is a second testimony of the ministry of Christ in which many of the least understood principles of the gospel are clarified. In Second Corinthians, Chapter thirteen, verse one, we read, "In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." The Bible, alone, seems to have been unable to bring people to a unity of faith, and many factions of Christianity were struggling for supremacy at the time of these manifestations to the Prophet. A second witness was clearly needed.

These events were preparatory and initiatory to the re-establishment of the Church in the earth. Other things were necessary before the organization of the Church, especially the restoration of the Priesthood, for Priesthood is necessary for the performance of the various ordinances practiced in the Church.

On the 15th day of May, 1829, John the Baptist conferred the Aaronic Priesthood upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery at which time he gave them notice that, at a future time, the Melchizedek Priesthood would also be given them. Before the Church was to be given a formal organization, Peter, James, and John appeared unto Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and conferred upon them the Melchizedek Priesthood. That all of this should happen before the organization of the Church was imperative to make it authoritative.

It will be noted that Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were instructed by John the Baptist to baptize each other, after having received the Aaronic Priesthood. Thereafter a few other persons were likewise baptized to qualify them to meet the requirements of the law of the State of New York, in that to organize a church six men were necessary. Accordingly, on the 6th day of April, 1830, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was given a legal existence within the State of New York. These events all hav-

ing happened, there was now upon the earth, again, a Church which was set up under direct authorization from God.

In addition to these gifts of Priesthood, there were certain special authorizations necessary. In the temple at Kirtland, as recorded in the 110th Section of The Doctrine and Covenants, we have the record of the visitations, in vision, of Moses, Elias, and Elijah, each of whom conferred upon the Prophet and Oliver keys for special functions of the Priesthood. These referred to the gathering of Israel, the dispensation of the gospel of Abraham, and the turning of the hearts of the fathers to the children and of the children to their fathers. (If there ever was a time when fathers should take greater interest in their children and when children should pay greater respect to their parents than right now, your humble servant cannot call it to mind.)

THE Church functions through its Priesthood. The rights and privileges of the various offices in the Priesthood are set forth in The Doctrine and Covenants with great clarity. We recommend that all become familiar, not only with the offices of the Priesthood, but also with the responsibilities and functions incident to each office. Many people appear not to appreciate their position after accepting ordination therein.

It will appear that in granting these keys of the Priesthood there is now, within the Church, the right to perform every ordinance necessary for the salvation and exaltation in the kingdom of God. All of these rights centered in the Prophet Joseph Smith. When the Apostleship was bestowed by the Prophet upon a Council of Twelve men, they were given these keys which they should exercise always under authorization of the President of the Church, a provision necessary to assure that these powers would carry on even in the case of the death of a President.

In the Aaronic Priesthood there are three orders — deacon, teacher, and priest — each with specific rights and responsibilities, while in the Melchizedek Priesthood there are two general offices — the elder and the high priest — and the Presidency of the Church, the Council of the Twelve, the Seventies, and the Patriarchs which are highly specialized.

To control the use of the powers of the Priesthood, the people are organized into stakes and wards under authorized leadership. Ward activities are directed by three high priests called a bishopric. Their function is a dual one since they have to care for the temporal needs of the members of the wards and, at the same time, direct certain spiritual functions. The stakes are directed by three high priests — a stake presidency — from whom the bishops and all other stake officers take direction. This makes it possible for the general leadership of the Church, through stake presidencies and bishoprics, to reach the individual members, when necessary, with a minimum of effort.

Outside of the wards and stakes live many members of the Church. To care for them and carry on the proselyting work of the Church, there are fifty missions organized each under the direction of a mis-

sion president. The missions are divided into districts and branches with the necessary local leadership and, here again, close contact with the members is possible.

Since every worthy man may have the privilege of the Priesthood, and since most men who accept it feel a certain responsibility to qualify for the implied service, there is a greater lay-member power for religious leadership than can be found in other church organizations. Member participation is the strength of every virile organization and this is especially true of those of religious nature.

AS aids to the Priesthood there are the Auxiliary Organizations set up with local and general supervision. Of these we are, at the present writing, especially interested in the Relief Society.

This Society was brought into existence under the direction and special call of the Prophet Joseph who, when organizing it, set forth the purposes and functions of the Society. It was composed entirely of women who set about finding ways and means of helping people in distress. With but few members at the time, it has now grown to great membership and the amount of good accomplished by it is beyond computation. Through stakes and missions it reaches into almost all parts of the world. Reports of its activities come from such far distant places as Japan, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, and elsewhere. Who can doubt the inspiration of the Prophet in its organization?

We have, then, in the RESTORATION a renewed testimony of the personality of God and Jesus Christ; a restoration of Priesthood in all its functions which came by direct gift through heavenly beings who had been sent by Jehovah himself; a renewed type of Church organization which gives the best possible means of satisfying the spiritual and temporal needs of the children of God.

April Road

Katherine F. Larsen

A brown road calls me
In the tender spring,
To leave accustomed homeways;
For when the blackbirds sing
My wayward feet would follow
Paths meandering
Through buttercups and violets,
Up an old wood road
That winds through white-limbed aspen trunks
Whose slender branches fling
Fresh-minted glinting leaflets
In sunlight shimmering. . . .

Lucien Bown

TEAPOT LAKE IN THE UINTAH MOUNTAINS, UTAH

Blue Talisman of Spring

Dorothy J. Roberts

Something breaks the monotone of seasons
Edged with the ragged ermine of the snow —
A sapphire jewel glinting on the landscape
Where a pool holds part of heaven here below.

And I recall the brave, blue tint of promise—
The aqua sphere beneath the robin's wing,
Blue courage of the hyacinth and crocus,
Bare willows where an azure bird will sing.

I think of dawn's pale preface to the morning
Where the cold, black weight of midnight had been pressed—
How the turquoise swells and spreads above the valley
And crowds the waning darkness from the west.

Revived, I leave, the bright brooch of the water
Glistening on the dullness of the fen,
And turning from the darkness and the winter,
I walk the waiting land with faith again.

The West Central States Mission

Preston R. Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

THE West Central States Mission was organized at a conference held in Billings, Montana, on November 11th and 12th, 1950, under the direction of Elders Harold B. Lee and Ezra Taft Benson, of the Council of the Twelve.

The mission was formed from districts taken from three other missions: From the North Central States Mission — West North Dakota, Milk River, and Yellowstone; from the Northwestern States Mission — Northern Montana, Great Falls, Missoula, and Butte; from the Western States Mission — Wyoming and Black Hills Districts.

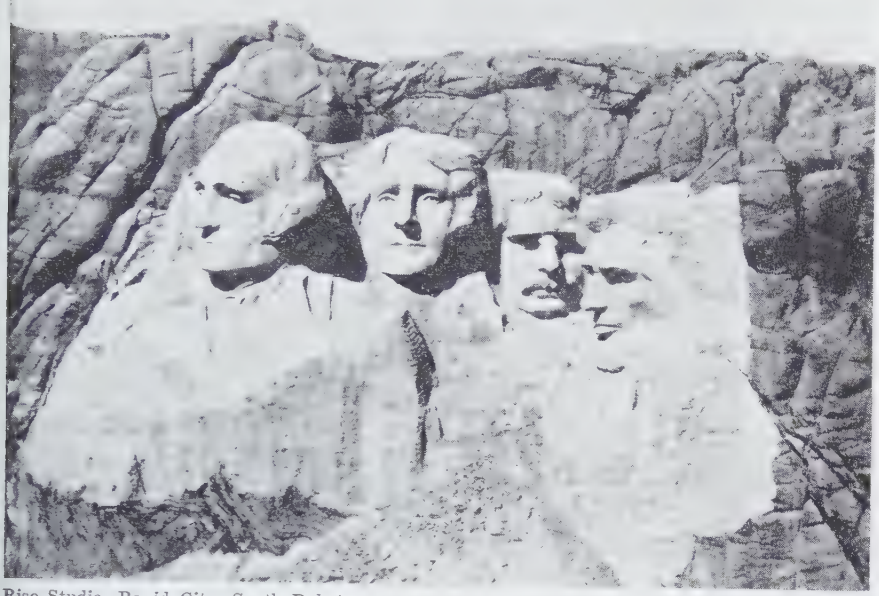
Elder Sylvester Broadbent was installed as president of the new mission, and eighty-eight missionaries were transferred from the three missions to labor under his direction. A commodious mission home was purchased at Billings, where the headquarters was established.

In June 1953, the Butte Stake was organized from branches taken from the West Central States Mission, under the direction of Elders Spencer W. Kimball and LeGrand Richards, of the Council of the Twelve. This was the first stake organized in the State of Montana.

President Sylvester Broadbent served faithfully as president of the West Central States Mission until December 1953, when he received his release. He was succeeded by Samuel A. Hendricks. President Hendricks served until March 1957, and under his leadership the work of the mission was greatly enlarged. He was succeeded by George F. Sim-

Courtesy *Hungry Horse News*
Submitted by Anna C. Merrill

LAKE McDONALD, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA



Rise Studio, Rapid City, South Dakota
Submitted by Anna C. Merrill

THE SHRINE OF DEMOCRACY CARVED IN MOUNT RUSHMORE, SOUTH DAKOTA
Left to right: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln

mons. President Simmons served until June 1957, when he was released on account of illness.

In June 1957, the Great Falls and Missoula Stakes were organized in the West Central States Mission, making three stakes in all in Montana.

After the release of President Simmons, former mission President Samuel A. Hendricks served as acting president until the appointment of Casper W. Merrill, in August 1957. With President Merrill in making the first tour of the mission was Elder Alma Sonne, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve. On his return to Salt Lake City, Elder Sonne said: "Missionary work is making steady progress in the West Central States Mission, and the prospects are exceedingly bright." President Merrill is serving at the present time.

On December 31, 1959, there were 9,608 members of the Church in the mission, located in forty-four branches. During the year of 1959, there were 782 converts baptized.

Forty-eight Relief Society organizations, with 1055 members, were reported in December 1959. Anna Crockett Merrill presides over the West Central States Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* is a view of St. Mary's Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana, taken from a transparency by Hal Rumel.

See also "Recipes From the West Central States Mission," by Sister Merrill on page 244.

That Special Flavor

Dorothy S. Romney

CLAIRE Connelly pulled the down quilt over her ears in a futile effort to keep out the angry shrilling of the telephone. Then she remembered that Matt had worked late last night, had gone to bed completely exhausted, and needed sleep. She sat up abruptly and reached for the telephone.

She attempted to sound at least half-awake, but failed. She felt too miserable to make the required effort.

"Claire," a voice on the other end of the wire said, "this is Sister Herth. Matt stopped by on his way to work and said you weren't feeling well again. I want to come over, but can't get there for a little while. Jim is short-handed this morning, and I'll have to help out."

Claire looked around her. Sure enough, Matt was gone. The house had that empty, silent quality. She looked at the clock on the dressing table. The hands stood at ten o'clock, later than she had ever allowed herself to sleep.

"Matt shouldn't have done that," she apologized. "I feel all right. A bit tired, but otherwise all right," she insisted, thinking all the while that it wasn't true. Her head ached, and she had that same alarming shortness of breath she'd felt yesterday.

"You have enough to do without taking on my chores," she continued.

"I'll be over as soon as I can make it," Sister Herth replied.

There was silence on the line.

"Claire, are you all right?" the older woman asked.

"Yes," Claire answered, "perfectly all right. And please don't interrupt your busy day. I really don't need you." She rather hoped that she didn't sound too convincing. Sister Herth was such a comforting person to have around.

"I'll be over," her neighbor repeated, and hung up.

Past experience told Claire it did no good to argue with Sister Herth. She was also fully aware that her neighbor was a woman of few words but of tremendous action. The Herths were wonderful neighbors, always ready to help out in an emergency, but far too busy with their extensive dairy farm to have much time for trivialities.

Claire hung up the phone, slipped into a housecoat and slippers, and went into the dining room.

She sighed as she looked through the door at the stack of dinner dishes awaiting her at the sink. She had been just too tired to do them last night.

Claire sat down. She was frankly puzzled.

"Why has the zest and sparkle suddenly and completely gone from my life?" she asked herself. "Perhaps it's my age." She pondered this thought for a moment. "Nonsense," she reminded herself, "forty-six is positively youthful. There must be another explanation."

SHE had just had a complete physical check-up, and been pronounced "fine." The doctor had, however, started to tell her something just as she was leaving his office, when he'd been interrupted

by a nurse with an urgent telephone call. "Just be careful you don't . . . ." he had said, and that was all she had heard.

Maybe she should call him and ask him to finish the warning. There must be some reason for her feeling so miserable.

She was remembering that Matt had watched her all through dinner last night with obvious concern.

"What you need is a complete change," he had pronounced.

"I've just had a complete change," Claire had pointed out, "and it didn't take."

"I'll get you that ticket to Utopia one of these days," he had promised. It had been a standing joke all through their life that someday just the two of them would go away on a nice, restful trip.

"Two to Utopia," Claire had repeated, "it sounds funny, but nice."

Matt had picked up his briefcase, gone into the den, and had worked far into the night. Claire had awakened several times and heard him murmuring in his sleep, as he always did when he was overtired. She felt guilty.

She went into the kitchen and prepared a light breakfast, and then found that she had no appetite for even this small meal.

Yes, she concluded, that old familiar lift is definitely missing.

She began again to probe for the reason. With Marny, her eldest, married five years, with Dick staying on at the University for the summer courses to catch up after serving his mission, and Mark, their baby, just beginning his foreign mission; with her calling as Relief Society literature teacher finished until fall, Claire had suddenly found herself with very little to do.

A complete change from the busy life she had led in the past, her thoughts continued. Perhaps a trip would be just the tonic she needed. Twenty-seven years of marriage without one honest-to-goodness vacation was a long stretch. Then she remembered all the delightful "snatches" of vacation they had enjoyed, she and Matt and the children, because she had never, never gone on a trip without Matt, and it had been difficult for him to leave town for more than a few days at a time.

Claire got up determinedly, and went into the bedroom. Sister Herth mustn't see what a drone she had become. She would dress and have all the work out of the way before her energetic neighbor arrived.

Of course, there wasn't much that needed doing, outside of the dishes. She *had* promised to put the finishing touches on a dress for Marny to take with her on the convention trip she and Peter would make, and to iron a white shirt for Matt.

As she came into the kitchen, a wave of dizziness passed over her. She leaned against the sink for a moment's rest.

The doorbell rang and interrupted her reverie.

It can't be Sister Herth, she thought. It has only been a few minutes since she called — thirty at the most.

But it was.

"Jim decided he could get along without me," she explained, "so I came right over."

"I'm being a bother," Claire apologized again.

"I'll just get these dishes out of the way," Sister Herth said. "You sit down and talk to me."

Claire sat down as directed. She

watched her neighbor's energetic movements. She felt as if something dreadful were closing on her, like an ether cone over her face, cutting off her breathing.

"I'm sure there's ironing to do," her neighbor said, as soon as the last clean dish was put away. She was on the service porch with the iron swinging expertly over one of Matt's difficult-to-iron shirts, before Claire could protest.

Claire stood uncertainly in the doorway, feeling like a stray kitten someone had left on the doorstep.

SISTER Herth looked at her critically.

"You look tuckered," she observed. "Why don't you take a nap while I'm ironing? Then I'll stay and have some lunch with you."

Oh, thought Claire, feeling more than ever like a rudderless ship, she's treating me as if I were a baby. and then added, perhaps it's because I'm acting like one. She had never, over the years, known Sister Herth to interrupt her busy day just to sit down and eat luncheon — unless it was an occasion with real meaning. Matt surely must have convinced her that Claire needed her.

"Imagine a nap in the middle of the day," she protested.

"A nap will do you good," her neighbor insisted.

"Perhaps it will," Claire agreed. Her knees were actually beginning to buckle. Nevertheless, she felt guilty as she went into her bedroom.

Unable to go to sleep, Claire finally decided to get up and see what she had for lunch that was tempting. She combed her hair, put on a fresh frock and lipstick, washed her hands, and went into the kitchen. Her head felt somewhat better.

As soon as they had eaten lunch, Sister Herth insisted on washing up the dishes. After that she left for home, telling Claire she'd look in on her tomorrow. Her obvious concern made Claire wonder, did she know something about Claire's condition that Claire herself didn't know? That warning the doctor had started to give her — perhaps he had given it to Matt and her neighbors instead, to avoid frightening her.

She settled herself determinedly at the sewing machine. She'd get this dress for Marny finished and out of the way right now, she declared. But after working for about half an hour she felt too miserable to go on.

She put the dress aside, and lay down on the couch to rest. Her thoughts started back over the years, bright, happy years, full of action and excitement. Her energy had been boundless, which made her present lethargy all the more puzzling.

"Two to Utopia," she thought again, longingly. She could scarcely wait until Matt returned from work. If he'd settled his present business, he'd be all set to go. Perhaps this *would* be the tonic she needed.

THE telephone rang. It was Matt.

"Start packing, Mrs. Connelly," he said, "the deal is all done up in pink tissue paper." He was jubilant. "I'll stop in and get something easy to fix for dinner," he added.

Claire hung up the phone and sat down. "Well, it is actually here." The big trip that she had looked forward to all her busy life —

just for her and Matt. Still, there was no surge of joy, as she had expected. Anyway, she'd start packing immediately. They'd take the Hilman, she quickly decided, not the big gas-hungry station wagon as they'd had to do in the past to accommodate the crowd. One suitcase was all that the small car would hold, but with the modern-day dacrons and orlons she was sure that would do — they'd sort of rough it for a change.

As she packed she kept remembering the eager trio, Marny, Dick, and Mark each time they had prepared for a short trip — remembering their shining faces, glowing with anticipation, their happy chatter as they rode in the back of the huge station wagon. Well, this time, she thought, she could look back and see nothing but the empty road stretching out behind them. It would be rather restful.

Matt came home just as she finished packing the suitcase. It was still open on the bed. He kissed her, then went to the closet to hang up his coat.

"What's this?" he asked, as he turned and saw the closely packed suitcase. "I thought this was going to be the big celebration, the trip to outdo all trips. How about taking enough clothing for a comfortable vacation without having to worry about laundering?"

"I thought we'd take the Hilman — save on gas," she told him, "and one suitcase is all it will hold."

"Whatever you say," he replied, his voice all at once flat.

Claire went into the kitchen and started to prepare dinner. The telephone rang, and she answered it on the extension. It was Marny.

"Hi, Mother," her bright young voice said. "Did you get the dress finished?"

Claire had a sudden feeling of guilt. She had always disliked giving excuses.

"No, dear, I had one of my headaches come on, and had to stop working," she explained.

"Mother," Marny said accusingly, "why don't you see a doctor?"

"I had a complete check-up two weeks ago, and there's nothing wrong," Claire assured her daughter, then wondered again about the doctor's half-spoken warning.

"Well, I'll just have to buy a dress. Peter and I are leaving in the morning for that convention, and I have to have one — I'm hostess for the Tuesday luncheon. And don't worry, Mother," she added, "I have a perfect flower of a baby-sitter engaged."

"That's fine, dear," Claire said. This would be the first time Marny had gone out of town and left her children with a stranger. Claire had always insisted on taking them. She wouldn't tell Marny about their own planned trip — not just this minute, anyway, the steaks needed attention.

"I'll call you before we leave in the morning," Marny promised, "but now I must rush out and buy that dress."

The steaks were so tender they almost melted in your mouth, and the tossed salad was refreshingly springy tasting, but Claire found her appetite only half adequate to do justice to the meal.

Matt insisted on washing the dishes. Claire dried them.

THEY were preparing for bed when the telephone rang. It

was Marny again, and she was in tears.

"Oh, Mother," she wailed, "the most awful thing has happened."

Claire's heart turned completely over.

"Our baby-sitter has the measles, and I can't think of another soul I'd trust with the children — except you. Oh, if only you felt better." She sounded exactly as she did that time when as a six-year-old she had broken her favorite doll. "What shall I do?"

Claire went silent for a long moment, her heart and mind in a turmoil.

"Your father and I are leaving in the morning on a long-planned trip. We're taking the Hilman. I have our suitcase all packed. There must be someone reliable you could get to look after the children . . ." she hesitated. "I'll call Grandma Larson. She would be perfect, if she's free."

"All right, Mother," Marny replied. Her bright, golden voice of a few hours ago had turned leaden, Claire thought with a pang.

Claire dialed Grandma Larson's number immediately. She waited several minutes, but there was no answer. Then she remembered that Grandma had told her several weeks ago that she was going to Tuolumne to visit her daughter for a month or so.

She dreaded calling Marny. Poor child, she'd be so disappointed, and she *had* looked tired lately.

* * * * *

THE sun shone so brightly on the pavement that was the "99" Highway, Claire had constantly to adjust the windshield shades, in spite of the fact that they both wore sunglasses and big smiles.

"Happy?" Matt asked, often.

Each time Claire nodded emphatically and said, "Very."

She kept looking back as they rode along.

"Beautiful day, beautiful sight, isn't it?" Matt asked.

"Oh, yes," Claire breathed ecstatically.

Behind them in the big station wagon sat Marny's two bright-eyed twin girls, aged two, their faces scrubbed, and shining with an eager-beaver look, then the two boys, who were the older brothers, three and four — same look. Back of them stood the family's huge Boxer, alert and ready for his run on the beach.

Behind that the station wagon extended a yard, at least, crammed with suitcases for a happy vacation.

Claire sighed rapturously. That old certain-something, that special flavor was back in her life. She felt young and zestful. What a romp they'd have on the beach these two delightful weeks. Just like old times.

"Seven for Utopia," she told Matt. He smiled at her happily.

After she'd called Marny back last night and told her they'd take the children with them on vacation, she had felt really fine, normal, and elated for the first time in weeks, she couldn't believe it, quite. So this morning she'd called Dr. Hart to make sure she was up to it.

"Sure you're all right," he'd said. "I told you there was nothing wrong. What warning?" he had asked, in answer to her question.

"Oh," after a few minutes of thinking. His chuckle was low and merry. "That — 'just be careful you don't come down with a case of leisure-itis.'"

Uncle Matt and the China Doll

Sylvia Probst Young

NIGHT was stealing down the mountains when Elizabeth, carrying a supper tray, crossed the barren field toward Matt's place. At her side the wind moaned ominously. A snow wind, maybe. How late the snow comes this year, she thought resentfully. They were to be gone "when snow flies," Hank had said.

At the far end of the field the light from a lantern glowed eerily through the barn window. Hank was milking. This was the life he loved — life on the land. He was willing to keep on trying year after year to make this raw country into a thing of beauty. He would make the farm pay, he said. Young, strong, and dauntless, he had cleared the sage from acre after acre with his own two hands and a grubbing hoe.

It was she whose courage had failed after three years with no crop. Hank had finally agreed after a July hailstorm had lashed the golden turning wheat into the ground and left the fields looking devastated.

"We'll go back to Parkville," he had told her. "I'll lease the place. Maybe it's better that way."

Her heart had lifted then. "You know there is always a place for you in the mill," she had encouraged, "and Patty won't have so far to go to school."

"We'll try to go by the time snow flies," he had promised.

Now it was the first of December, the ground was still bare, and Hank had talked no more about leaving.

Elizabeth quickened her steps; she wouldn't brood now.

The warm lamplight from Matt's windows gleamed out invitingly. As she neared the porch, the door opened suddenly.

"Mama!" Patty's brown eyes were glowing. "Come in, Mama, and see the new dolls."

"Dolls?" Elizabeth smiled at her eager eight-year-old daughter.

Patty, with the blond pigtails, the shining brown eyes, and the quick smile, was the light of their lives.

In the homelike warmth of the big room that served as general store and Matt's living room, Elizabeth unbuttoned her coat and put the supper tray on the great wooden counter.

"Guess you're about ready for supper, Matt. Has this daughter of mine been behaving herself?"

From his armchair by the window the big man looked lovingly at the little girl.

"She's a big help,Patty is."

Elizabeth nodded knowingly. "By the time she's sampled all the penny candies and the gum, she hasn't much time to help."

"Oh, but I did help, Mama," the little girl defended. "I dusted the showcases and straightened up the combs and the cuff links. I didn't have any candy at all."

"That's right, Elizabeth," Matt assured her. "And then Patty was busy with the dolls."

"Matt," Elizabeth brought the supper tray to the little table beside his chair, "I thought you weren't getting dolls this year. I thought you were saving all the money you could for a wheel chair."

"I am, Elizabeth," he told her.

"I'll get my wheel chair, but it wouldn't be Christmas if I didn't have dolls in the window."

ELIZABETH'S eyes sought the front window where a dozen different dolls were on display, some suspended by cords and some propped up in pasteboard boxes. At Patty's urging she went to look more closely at them. Dolls — so many of them, no wonder Patty's eyes were glowing. And each one was different. Some had composition heads, two or three were celluloid with painted faces and, wonder of wonders, some of them had eyes that opened and closed. But there was one — a very special doll; Patty had pointed her out immediately. She looked like a queen. Her body was covered with soft, white kid, her head and arms were of china, her hair and eyelashes were real, and her eyes — dark brown like Patty's — would open and close.

"Isn't she just beautiful?" Patty breathed.

Elizabeth could only nod her head, the little girl's eagerness had brought quick tears to her eyes. Patty's dolls had been of the celluloid variety.

It was wrong for Matt to have such a doll in his window, she thought. Who in Rockport could buy it?

Matt seemed to read her thoughts. "The big doll was specially ordered," he told her.

"Or did Mr. Geece just use his super salesmanship on you?" Elizabeth challenged, thinking of the tall, sauve, friendly drummer.

Matt smiled and shook his head. Elizabeth found a chair beside the pot-bellied stove and watched her brother-in-law eating the simple food she had placed before him. Her heart warmed. Matt was a very special person. Some kind of paralysis had made his legs useless, and for twenty years he had sat in his combination store and living room greeting friends and neighbors. They brought their eggs to exchange for vinegar or sugar, back combs, or greeting cards. They sat by his stove to play a game of checkers with him or to tell him their troubles.

He was always willing to listen to their joys and their sorrows. In his friendly place the young people gathered to sing or to talk of their romances, women exchanged recipes, men discussed cows and crops.

"It's a good supper." He looked at Elizabeth while he buttered the warm bread. "I always told Hank he married the best."

From behind the counter Patty, who was deciding what kind of candy to take from the glass jars as pay for helping Uncle Matt, turned to join in the conversation.

"Uncle Matt told me our life story again," she announced.

"Matt," Elizabeth laughed, "she knows it off by heart."

"I like best the part where Daddy came home from the dance," Patty twinkled, "and he said, 'Matt, I met the schoolteacher tonight, and I'm going to marry her.' "

"Your Daddy didn't take long to make up his mind," Elizabeth told her, "and speaking of your Daddy — we'd better go, he'll be through milking now."

She rose to gather the dishes and felt Matt's eyes upon her.

"You're unhappy tonight, Eliza-

beth. What about Parkville, nothing decided?"

The tears she had fought all day suddenly glistened in Elizabeth's blue eyes.

"Hank's never said anything more," she choked, "and I haven't wanted to nag him."

Matt's face was marked with understanding. "It will work out, Elizabeth," he said gently, "it will work out."

THE wind was still blowing when they went outside, and light flakes of snow peppered the cold air. But Elizabeth's heart felt warmer.

Matt had always been able to soothe her troubles as a father soothes a child. She tucked the little girl's hand in her coat pocket, and turned her eyes toward home.

"Mama," Patty's voice was wishful, "do you think that Santa Claus could bring me a china doll with eyes that open and close?"

"I don't know, honey," she chose her words carefully. "Sometimes Santa Claus doesn't have enough dolls to go around, and we have to be happy with whatever he can bring us."

The little girl sighed, "I know, but maybe I could write him a very special letter."

The purr of the separator greeted them when they entered their kitchen, and Patty went out into the back room to watch the golden cream run out of the valve. It always delighted her. Sometimes Hank let her turn the big handle.

"She'll make a good farmer's wife," he would say. And Elizabeth's only answer would be an unspoken "No!"

The dishes were on the table, and she was slicing bread when Hank came into the room.

"Hello, honey." He came over to the table to plant a light kiss on her forehead, his dark head towering above her fair one. "What we got for supper?"

"Just dried beans and carrots."

"Sounds good, though." He was so easy to please. "Patty's been telling me about Matt's dolls."

"Yes. She's got her heart set on one of them. Wish Matt didn't have them."

He looked at her tenderly. There was concern in his eyes. "You've not been feeling well, have you? Which reminds me I talked to Willis this afternoon, again, he'll lease our place."

"Hank!" Elizabeth cried. There was mingled joy and exasperation in her voice. "Why don't you ever tell me these things?"

"Didn't want to get your hopes up before I knew. He'll take over the cows the first of the year, or before, if we want it."

In her eagerness she was unaware of the forced lightness in his voice.

"I'll write Mama and tell her. We can stay with them until we find a place."

"You want to go before Christmas?"

She saw the shadow on his face then. "No," she said quickly, "oh, no, we'll stay here for Christmas, Matt would be so disappointed and Patty, too."

WHEN supper was over, Hank went over to Matt's to visit a bit and help him to bed.

Patty helped Elizabeth with the dishes, and they made plans for

leaving Rockport, but Patty did not share her enthusiasm, and Elizabeth was disappointed.

When the little girl was tucked in bed she went to stand at the front window. The ground was covered with white now, but it had stopped snowing, and the moon was breaking through, fringing the clouds with gold. Her eyes followed the road to a place near the hill — Rockport's cemetery. A part of her heart would always be there by two little graves where two infant sons were buried. In Parkville there were doctors within call, the coming baby would have a better chance.

She turned from the window; the room was warm and pleasant. The lamp burned with a lazy tongue, and the wood fire crackled cheerfully. She smiled, thinking of Hank, big and quiet, a little shy, but sure of what he wanted. She was glad he had wanted her.

The next afternoon Hank drove Elizabeth over to Mortensen's Mercantile. The butter and egg money that she had carefully saved, came to $3.57, enough to buy material for shirts for Hank and Matt and pongee for a new dress for Patty. There would be enough pongee for a new dress for Patty's doll, too. She had debated long over the money before buying the cloth — $3.57 — the china doll in Matt's window was $6. She couldn't ask Matt to charge the rest, her charges were always written off his books, and he had said the doll was a special order.

Patty would understand, and next year they wouldn't have to depend on a crop for their existence. Hank would be working at the mill in Parkville, Patty could have a new doll then.

In the days that followed, when Patty was at school and Hank busy with the chores, Elizabeth worked at her sewing machine. The dolls in Matt's window were fast disappearing, but the china doll was still there, much to Patty's delight.

A few days before Christmas, when they brought Matt's supper to the store, the china doll was gone. Patty noticed its absence at once.

"Uncle Matt," she cried, "the china doll is gone."

ELIZABETH thought she saw a tear in the dark eyes, but the child only smiled. "Well, I guess she couldn't stay here forever," she said, "but whoever gets her is going to be awfully happy."

When school let out for Christmas vacation, Elizabeth had finished her sewing. She was pleased with the red-checkered shirts, and the pongee dress, with its ruffled skirt, was beautiful. Even the celluloid doll looked sweet in her new dress, although the paint on her eyes was almost worn off.

The day before Christmas, Elizabeth and Patty busied themselves making gingerbread men and honey candy. Hank brought the tree into the house in the early afternoon, and Patty's delight knew no bounds as she strung popcorn and hung bright tinsel stars on it.

They took Uncle Matt's supper over early. The store was full of neighbors and friends, little gifts and bright greeting cards lay on Matt's table.

"Everybody loves Uncle Matt," Patty observed as they walked home in the gathering twilight. "We'll miss him, Mama."

"Yes," she said lightly, "but we'll have him tomorrow and that will be a wonderful day."

IT was late when Hank came back from Matt's that night. Elizabeth had gone to bed, but she got up when he came in.

He was carrying packages and he put them on the table. "Been so many folks there I couldn't get away."

"What do you suppose he sent us?"

"Well, the sack is candy and oranges, he had me fix that up. The others, I don't know."

"Shall we open them? It's almost Christmas morning."

"There're no names on anything." Hank picked up a long, thin box and handed it to Elizabeth.

Her hands trembled as she lifted the lid. For a long moment she couldn't speak, her eyes were glued to a china-headed doll lying in the box before her.

"Hank," her voice was choked with emotion, "it's the doll, and he said it was a special order."

Hank nodded. "I'm not surprised. Won't Patty be happy? But he'll be even happier — It's the same every Christmas, he writes people's accounts off his books. Guess he gave half those dolls away. Don't know when he'll get his wheel chair, but I don't know anyone happier."

Elizabeth held the doll close to her. Anticipating a child's joy, an unheeded tear rolled down her cheek. Matt was happiest making others happy, even when it meant going without himself.

She looked across at Hank. He was like Matt, even willing to give up the land — the thing that he loved so much, to make her happy. The land was his hope, and spring would come again with new promise. But she was taking him away from it. He would never be as happy anywhere else — maybe she would not either.

"Hank," she looked at him steadily, "let's not go after all."

"Elizabeth! you mean. . . . Oh, Elizabeth. . . ."

There were stars in his eyes as he took her into his arms.

Spring Symphony

Linnie F. Robinson

Boxelder trees beside the stream
Are festooned with an early bloom
Of golden lace in the sun's bright glow,
And blackbird music spills below.

The pragmatist walked their way—
"They're quite enough to deafen one,
What do they celebrate?" he said
"These are no trees to furnish bread."

I only smiled because just then
The finches and the robins sang,
And then the larks gave music clear
Of tone as ever fell on human ear.

Each branch swung dark with feathered wing,
And every heart was wont to sing . . .
The sun was warm upon the land
With golden trees and golden strand.

Using the Blackboard in Teaching Lessons in the Relief Society

William E. Berrett
Vice-President and Professor of Religion
Brigham Young University
(Address Delivered in the Teaching Aids Department, Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 8, 1959)

I have never known an effective teacher who did not make regular use of the blackboard.

The value of a blackboard in the teaching process should be obvious. The optic nerve, which carries impressions from the eye to the brain, is eight times as large as the auditory nerve, which carries impressions from the ear to the brain, and is correspondingly more important in the learning process. Hence instructions, to be effective, should be directed to the eye as well as to the ear. Experience shows that information placed upon the blackboard is retained by the student in a much higher ratio than information which has been presented only orally.

In five important phases of the teaching process the blackboard becomes a vital aid:

1. Getting attention
2. Motivating thought and study
3. Clarifying the subject or object under discussion
4. Obtaining student retention of ideas
5. Obtaining student activity (student use of blackboard)

The following suggestions are made as to methods of using the blackboard.

(A) *The Outline*

The teacher of adult groups will find that an outline of the subject to be discussed, when placed on the blackboard, will stimulate thinking by class members and will tend to keep the discussion purposeful and progressive. The outline enables all class members to follow the discussion, acts as a constant review of what has been covered during the class hour, and contributes to the fixing of ideas permanently in the mind. The outline should be simple and easy to understand without oral explanation.

(B) *Listing Problems and Answers*

Student-teacher discussions are often aimless and a waste of time unless the blackboard is used to give organization and direction to the discussions. For example, the teacher might ask the class, "What problems concerning baptism do you believe we should discuss?" If the problems are answered or discussed in the order of student responses, there will be much duplication, jumping about, and a getting of the "cart before the horse." The logical step is to write upon the blackboard all of the problems before attacking any of them, eliminate duplications, and arrange them in a logical order. Hence the discussion takes a direction and purpose. The whole of the problem can be seen, and the relationship of one question to another becomes apparent.

Likewise, the blackboard is invaluable in listing the answers of class members to questions or problems raised. This method enables both teacher and class to visualize the discussion and to keep in mind all the suggested answers so as later to evaluate them properly. This method glorifies the member's answer.

It was important enough to write down. It glorifies the class members by making them the judges of their own responses.

(C) *Maps*

The most effective maps a teacher can use are outline maps sketched upon the blackboard. This can be done from time to time by a few simple chalk lines, or at a nominal cost of a few cents, an outline map can be drawn on the blackboard with white paint that is usable for years, putting in the details needed for each lesson with chalk as the occasion arises. (For illustrations of the type of details see J. Lewis Browne, *The Graphic Bible*).

A painted outline map does not interfere with use of the blackboard for other purposes as other writing can be written over it freely and erased without destroying the map.

(D) *Charts and Diagrams*

The need of charts and diagrams in teaching for the purpose of clarification is apparent to all teachers. The blackboard simplifies and encourages their use because of the ease with which a chart or diagram can be made with chalk.

Charts help students to see the relationships of time, proportions, distance, weight, and effects.

(E) *Objects, Directions, Events*

The use of the blackboard to illustrate objects, directions, and events has been greatly neglected. In teaching adults, however, its use is best confined to illustration of objects, directions, and events outside the usual experiences of the group. For example, one does not draw an illustration of a horse for adults who already have mental images of horses, but might illustrate the Temple of Solomon or the sequence of historical events. Illustrations can be made graphic without necessarily being accurate or artistic.

Three fine books on this use of the blackboard are available : *Blackboard Sketching* by Frederick Whitney, Milton, Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.; and *Chalk Talks;* and *Talks in Crayon and Chalk*, both by Ella M. Wood, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

(F) *Central Thoughts and Challenging Statements*

A sentence carrying the central thought of a day's lesson, placed upon a blackboard before or at the beginning of the class hour, has a powerful effect upon the class discussion, and upon retention.

(G) *Summarizations*

The use of the blackboard to summarize must not be overlooked. The best summaries are built up of responses by the class as to what has been accomplished during the class hour, and, when written on the blackboard, enable the students to carry away from class a unified message.

(H) *Assignment*

The best assignments arise from problems raised by the class members and listed on the blackboard. If the class cannot answer the questions, assignments for special study are obvious. The name of the person assigned and reference or directions for finding the needed information can then be suggested by the class or teacher and written upon the blackboard by the question.

Placing assignments to a group, upon the blackboard, saves teaching time and the assignments are remembered longer.

Use your blackboard at each lesson period for at least one thing, and you will find yourself preparing your lessons with greater care and teaching with increased satisfaction.

The Blue Bowl

Part I

Loya Beck

THE bustling city of Nauvoo, as it slipped into view around a wide bend in the Mississippi River, would surprise a traveler who had grown familiar with the previous scenes of open countryside and straggling population on the fringe of America's wilderness in January of 1846. Surrounded on three sides by the mighty Father of Waters, the city rose with the gradual sloping of a dome-shaped hill, its highest elevation about a mile from the river. Blocked into neat squares with broad streets and tree-lined avenues, the metropolis was crowned with a massive structure of gray marble that overlooked the terrain, like a ship riding the crest of a wave. Streamers of smoke drifted from the tall chimneys of the newly built homes that dotted the hill, bestowing an illusion of warmth on the chill winter air.

On Mulholland Street, only a block from the temple, the clatter and bang of metal on metal resounded from the rustic interior of a small, two-story frame house. Playing near the warmth of the fireplace, a fiery-haired toddler pounded his mother's wrought-iron cookware with the fury of a Don Quixote attacking a windmill.

"Come along, Alma, it's time for your nap." The child's mother endeavored to speak above the clamor, as she drew loaves of golden-crusted bread from the oven and placed them on the table to cool.

"No!" was the quick retort.

"Yes!" the mother answered firmly, taking the child by the hand and raising him quickly to his feet.

"No! Busy, Mama, busy," the child wailed, tugging away from her.

"You can play with the kettles again when you wake up. Come, now, let me see if you can climb the stairs by yourself."

With the enthusiasm of a turtle climbing a thorny hillside, Alma plodded his way to the upstairs bedroom. His mother watched him from below, saw him disappear through a curtained archway, heard the squeak of the springs as he climbed into bed.

Mary Martha Lee listened carefully for any sounds from her son. Weighted with the bloom of an eight-month pregnancy, any venture upstairs seemed like a major expedition to her. A Welsh flannel dress with a high neck, wrist-length sleeves, and a floor-length skirt enveloped her small figure.

Hearing no sounds from the room above, Mary gratefully returned to her work.

Seated in a rocker near the window, Mary began sorting out leftover piece-goods to be used for quilt blocks. Interest in her task began to lag, however, and her hands soon fell idly into her lap. She gazed about the room, perceiving its homely features as those of a dear friend from whom she was about to part. It was a someday room. Someday it could have been finished along with its homemade

furnishings, which consisted of a table, two chairs, and a tall cupboard. In one corner a bed, without a headboard, leaned against the wall with a faded blue blanket hugging the whole of it. Between the bed and the back door there was a large trunk with a high curved lid and bright silver trappings. A colorful Paisley shawl was draped over its side. A handcarving done by Tom, Mary's husband, of her mother's bakery shop in Hanley, Staffordshire, England, hung on the wall above the trunk. The sign, "Woods Bakery — Hot Pies," was carved plainly on the front.

Ruffled curtains made a gay frame for two small windows that overlooked the snowy front yard. Mary had purchased the material for the curtains with part of the money she had earned from the sale of the first pair of men's trousers she had made. When Mary and Tom had first moved into their new home, rugs and other luxuries had to wait, but "A home is not a home without curtains at the windows," Mary had said when Tom had urged her to wait for them, too. The curtains now decked the windows with the assurance of old friends that had come to stay.

Glancing out the window, Mary saw a stranger coming up the path leading to the house. The sudden beating of the man's fist against the door set Mary's heart pounding, as she rose to her feet and hesitantly walked to the door.

"What do you want?" Mary called through the closed door.

"My name's MacDowell, Christopher MacDowell. . . . I'm interested in buying your place. You'll be selling out, I reckon."

MARY opened the door, recoiling in the sudden cold blast that penetrated the warmth of the room, and invited the stranger in.

He was a small man, slim and hard-muscled underneath his enveloping black coat.

"You want to buy our place?" Mary questioned hesitantly.

"I'd like to look it over and see if it's worth buying."

"My husband won't be home until this evening. You can come back tonight and talk to him about it."

An expression of disapproval hardened MacDowell's sharp blue eyes as he boldly scrutinized Mary from head to toe. "I have no mind to come back tonight, Ma'am. I'll just look around myself and see if it suits my needs. If I like it I'll make you an offer. You can take it or leave it, only you'll be smart to take it if you figure on getting anything out of this place at all."

"I would rather you would talk to my husband," Mary replied firmly, feeling the color rise to her cheeks at his continued stare.

MacDowell's lips tightened impatiently. "I'll just go ahead and look around."

"No!" Mary spoke emphatically. "No, if you have to see the place now, I'll show it to you." She was surprised at the high pitch of her usually controlled voice.

"All right, you show me." MacDowell shrugged indifferently.

Mary's clammy fingers tightened into the palms of her hands. "There are only two rooms — this one and the one upstairs."

Pulling off a woolly cap and slapping it against his thigh, MacDowell turned and surveyed the room.

"I reckon you'll not be taking the furnishings with you."

"No."

"What's in the cupboard? Anything in there for sale?"

Mary walked to the cupboard and threw the doors wide. "Everything's for sale," she said. "See, there on the center shelf, that's real Staffordshire china, handpainted by my father. It's worth a lot."

The delicate deep shadings of the pansies that centered the shining blue plates in the cupboard had been painted with meticulous care. A ring of gold encircled their paper-thin edges.

A smile passed over MacDowell's thin lips as he took the gracefully designed sugar bowl that belonged to the set into his rough hands. A stubby finger caressed the smooth curve of the bowl. "My woman would sure like this!"

"Let me have it, I will not leave this piece." Mary snatched the bowl from his hands and returned it to its place in the cupboard.

"Don't get riled, Ma'am," MacDowell protested. "So your father was a blimey old Englishman with a gift for painting?

"Yes, I'm English. They are people, too, you know," Mary retorted proudly. "My husband is Scotch, but he was reared in England."

"Maybe Danny Edinburgh is people, and Johnny London is people, but *Mormons*, what are they? Are they people?" MacDowell grinned, but his blue eyes were cold.

Mary's pale lips tightened and her gray eyes met his directly. "We'll be taking some of the kettles with us, but no doubt, some will be left behind."

MacDowell toed one of the iron kettles that Alma had been playing with on the floor. "You must have another kid, mine does that, too."

"We have a son two years old. He's upstairs asleep," Mary answered. "I'd rather not take you up there; it might disturb him. All we have up there is an iron poster bed and a wooden chest."

"The room's just like this one, I reckon. Got any heating up there?"

"Only what comes up from below."

"I don't have to see it, I guess. I'll look around outside and then come in and make you an offer for the place." MacDowell shoved his cap back on his straggly hair and turned towards the door.

"I'll go with you." Mary hurried to the door and snatched her coat from the peg behind it.

"Now, that won't be necessary, I don't need any help in my looking."

MARY slipped the coat on and fastened it. "I'm ready to go," she nodded.

MacDowell jerked open the door, and a rush of icy air surrounded them in its wake. From the back door they could look down over the sloping city to where the ice-choked Mississippi ribboned the foot of the hill.

"That's your temple over there, isn't it?" MacDowell nodded toward the massive spired building that towered on the hill.

"Yes, it is." Mary answered, pausing to gaze at the temple fondly. Tom was there now helping to finish the intricate hand-carving on the interior.

"Looking forward to a good old-fashioned revival meeting there someday," MacDowell teased.

Mary's cheeks paled even in the bite of the frosty air, but she did not answer. She followed MacDowell down a snow shoveled path which was bordered on either side by the naked stems of an orchard that she and Tom had planted only last spring. Arriving at a gray shed made over from old lumber, MacDowell pushed open the door and waited for Mary to enter first. A Guernsey cow lifted her head from the manger.

"She's not our cow," Mary pointed out. "She belongs to our neighbors. We shelter her and help feed her, and both families share the milk."

"Don't need a cow," MacDowell muttered. Then, looking around, he observed, "Not a bad shed, don't seem to be too drafty."

"It's built well. My husband built it," Mary said proudly.

"Those your chickens?" MacDowell questioned.

A rooster and five hens were huddling together in a corner looking drowsy-eyed.

"Yes, they're ours. They will be for sale."

"I saw you had an orchard planted outside," he said, clearing his throat. "What kind of trees do you have out there?"

"Apple, mostly," Mary answered, a note of triumph in her voice. "A few pear trees, peach, plum, and cherry."

"That sounds good. It's a good place, I like it. Easy to see there was care taken in the building." MacDowell opened the gray shed door and stepped out into the snow. Mary followed to the house, feeling a chill run across her shoulders and down her spine. Back again in the warm house she threw another log on the low burning fire.

"I'm not a rich man, you understand," MacDowell began as Mary jabbed at the burned logs with the poker. "I like this place, so I'll make you a special offer." He paused to shift on his feet and scratch the side of his nose with his finger. "I'll give you two cows and a dandy good rifle for the whole kit and kaboodle."

Startled, Mary faced MacDowell. "Two cows and a rifle for this whole place? Why my china alone is worth. . . ."

"Take it or leave it. Makes no difference to me. I can just as well wait till you go across the prairie, then take over the place for nothing. But, I'm a fair man, don't believe in taking anything I don't pay for. You can use the cows and the rifle, too, so take your choice."

"Of course, you are exactly right," Mary's voice broke. "My husband will have to confirm any sale. If you go over to the temple and ask for Thomas Lee, I'm sure he will be glad to talk to you." Mary followed MacDowell to the front door.

"I'll talk to him," MacDowell said as he opened the door, but pausing on the threshold, he glanced back at Mary's face. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen, why?" Mary lifted her head to meet his gaze.

"Why don't you go back to England, girl?" MacDowell's hard blue eyes seemed to soften. "Why don't you go home to your mother?" He turned and slammed the door behind him.

(To be concluded)

Room in Her Heart

Shirley Thulin

"WELL, Ann, you're going to have a baby." Doctor Brooks grinned, but Ann avoided his direct gaze. Her chin quivered and her lips were hot and dry, as she listened to his cheerful voice repeating, like a well-known record, her instructions for the coming months. As if she didn't know how to care for herself by now! This was her eighth child, and the doctor's verification of her own suspicions had left her with mixed emotions.

"Ann, I have something new I want you to try," Doctor Brooks continued. "It may help you have less nausea in the mornings." He handed her a little box of capsules.

"Thank you," she said, but she thought — what have you in the way of a capsule that will help me and give me the strength and courage to face some of my family, and friends, and neighbors who will say I am having too many children?

And, as though he were reading her thoughts, the doctor said, "Ann, you have a wonderful family. I am proud to be your friend and doctor."

The tears welled up close to overflowing, but Ann managed to control them.

"Thank you," she said quietly, though she wanted to say much more. She wanted to tell him how grateful she was for his competent care over the years. To tell him how much it had always meant to all of them to have him there when they needed him, with the parade of broken limbs, tonsillectomies, and upset stomachs. His abilities as a physician and surgeon could not help her with her coming ordeal, however, although Ann was deeply happy in her motherhood and the opportunity to bring another soul into the world, the criticisms of others were sometimes hard to take smilingly.

Ann was grateful for the early evening breeze that refreshed her as she stepped out of the downtown medical building, joining the tide of homeward-bound shoppers and office workers. As she walked towards her bus corner, her mind was a whirlpool. Ann could see her mother's face and hear her say, "Oh, Ann, *not again*. Susie is only a little over a year old. You will never live to rear them at this rate." And no amount of reassuring on Ann's part would make her mother stop worrying and realize, as with each of the other children, that this eighth one was wanted.

And Ann knew what Beth, her neighbor on the west, would say. "Oh, really, dear, what can you be thinking of?" And she knew what Beth would be thinking . . . one more little Jensen child to pick my tulips the spring when he reaches the age of two. No matter how carefully Ann watched them it happened every time, but only once.

Ann reached the corner and hoped she wouldn't have to wait long for her bus. She was weary and a little anxious about the children. Jill was dependable and was good to follow instructions, but the

little boys would sometimes tease and make Sue fretful, then Jill had more than her hands full.

ANN wondered how Jill would take the news. She had been happy over little Sue, but she was younger then, and hadn't as yet had much responsibility placed upon her. Ann felt a tug at her heart as she thought of all the fun Jill had had to miss this summer. It seemed that her Sunday School and Mutual classes always picked Saturday on which to have their parties and outings. This was fine for the others, but Jill couldn't often be spared on Saturdays. There was too much to do to get ready for the Sabbath.

I only hope Jill doesn't become resentful. So far I haven't detected any signs of her having done so, but sometimes mothers take these things for granted. Ann pictured Jill, her soft brown hair curling slightly around her pretty face, which just in the last year had lost its childish roundness and had taken on a new look . . . a serious look.

"Jill looks more like you every day, dear," Vern had said so often lately. At first it had pleased Ann to hear her husband say this, but now she was wondering if her eldest child were being forced to grow up too fast with too few childhood pleasures.

I almost wish Tom had been a girl, too, then some of the work could be shared. But Ann had given up trying to teach her twelve-year-old son to help. He was willing to try, but was so awkward when it came to doing anything around the house . . . so like his father, Ann mused. Vern tried so hard to be helpful that it was a little sad. About the only way to get help from the two of them, was to send them on a shopping errand or set them to a task in the yard that would keep them out from underfoot in the house. Each of the other four children had regular jobs. Debbie, ten, and Evan, eight, could do several little jobs well. Even Jerry, five, and Dickie, three, helped, but the brunt of helping fell to Jill.

There is always so much to do when a family is large, Ann thought. Every household duty is multiplied by two or three-fold. But she knew it was worth all the effort each time she looked at her dear children as they began each new day. If only I can instill the true values of life in my children's hearts, Ann thought. But now with the new baby and even more responsibility on the way, Ann was frightened. She wondered how she could do more to make their home life even more pleasant. They were a close-together family so far, and did many things as a group. They always attended their Church meetings together. They had regular family hours, and went on picnics. They visited friends and relatives often . . . but maybe these things were not enough to satisfy Jill now that she was growing up.

THE green and yellow city bus came to a halt in front of Ann. She climbed aboard and took a seat near the front by an open window, and felt the tinge of autumn in the air. Maybe now that school is beginning, and Jill will have more time outside the home, things will work out, she thought.

Ann wished they could afford a carpet for the living room, and then she had a little sick feeling as she realized that now the money they had saved would perhaps have to be used for the new baby. As for herself, a carpet hadn't seemed to matter. She had tried to keep the floor waxed shiny, and had placed bright, hand-braided rugs here and there. But, with so many pairs of feet traveling over the floor each day, it was difficult.

Ann could hear Elaine, her sister-in-law say, "Why don't you do something about this living room? It looks so bare. You really should try to be more economical and put your money to better use."

Elaine didn't realize how many pairs of shoes and quarts of milk were needed for the little ones. Even a small item such as soap added up, when a family of nine or ten was involved!

Elaine had something to say about Ann's housekeeping, too. It did no good to try to explain that it was important to help Jerry cut out his supersonic rocket ship from the cereal box. And Ann and Jill would often be helping with Debbie's book of paper dolls or Evan's modeling clay, somewhere between the bedmaking and the dusting.

When Ann would tell Vern, he would just laugh and say, "There's nothing wrong with Elaine that eight or ten children wouldn't cure."

Ann pulled the cord to let the driver know that this was her stop. Usually when she returned from town, she felt that the block she had to walk from the bus stop was almost too long to endure, but this time, it seemed far too short. It didn't give her enough time to compose herself. She must not let her family know that she was rather upset, but she had to show how really happy she was about her new child. Happiness is always contagious, she thought. But it would help if she didn't have to make the announcement just yet, but she knew from past experience that it was impossible to keep it from them, even for a few weeks. She knew that when she walked through the door, they all would ask their usual questions: "Where have you been, Mommy?" "Why did you have to go to the doctor?" "Don't you feel well?" And she would tell, in spite of herself.

Ann stood a moment and breathed deeply. She feared what she might see in their eyes and those of her neighbors and dear ones. Ann closed her eyes. She bowed her head slightly and said a prayer to her Father in heaven.

"Please, Father, help me to make them all as happy about the baby as I am, and to be kind and understanding."

As Ann continued walking along, she looked at the row of neat little homes. She felt a surge of thankfulness. "We are blessed," she told herself. "We live in a nice neighborhood, we have all the necessities of life."

ANN was nearly home when she heard the commotion. It was coming through her opened windows. The voices were loud and excited. Something had happened! She heard a chorus of what sounded like screams, and she ran across the lawn and up the porch steps two

at a time and pulled open the front door.

"Mother!" Jill shouted. "Oh, Mother, I'm so glad you're home. *The baby. . . .*"

"What is it? What's happened? Where's Daddy?" Then, as Ann glanced from one face to another, she could see the twinkling eyes and wide smiles.

"Daddy had to go help Uncle Bill administer to Aunt Elaine. She's having another one of her nervous spells," said Jill. "But, Mamma, the baby. . . ."

"What about the baby? She looks all right to me." And Ann stooped over and picked Sue up from the middle of the floor.

"Oh, she's all right," Tom said. "*She's been walking.*"

"Walking? Why, you little rascal." Ann was a little saddened that she hadn't seen her very first steps.

"Imagine," said Jill. "She's walking at last. I was beginning to be embarrassed. Jane's little brother is only ten months old, and he's been walking for simply ages."

"Mom," said Tom, "look how big she's getting to be."

"Yes," said Jill, a little wistfully. "Gee, soon we won't have a baby any more."

Ann couldn't speak. Her throat was all lumpy inside.

That night after the family prayer had been said, Ann gave each of her children a special hug and tucked them in their beds, then went to the living room to wait for Vern.

She knew he wouldn't be home for a little while yet. Sometimes these sessions with his sister lasted until quite late.

Ann was glad that there had been so much excitement about Sue's new accomplishment this evening. The children had forgotten to ask their questions. Now she could tell Vern first. She knew that when he came home he would say his usual, "Honey, we are so blessed! I feel so sorry for Elaine and Bill. I wish they could have a baby, or would adopt one." And Ann planned to ask in a teasing tone, "Shall we give them our new one when it gets here?"

He would look bewildered, then surprised, then he would hold her tight and say, "No, sir. There is always room at our house for one more."

Ann leaned back against the softness of the couch. Things had assumed their right perspective now. She knew she could make her announcement with joy and pride.

Special Feature for the July 1960 Magazine

A special surprise feature will be presented in the July 1960 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. This feature will have practical and artistic appeal for all Relief Society women. Watch for the July *Magazine* and be sure that your subscription is up to date so that you will not miss this special feature issue.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1900

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

RESULTS OF THE REVOLUTION: This momentous occurrence produced the most perfect basis upon which to build a beneficient governmental superstructure — the American Constitution. It has no counterpart in human affairs. It provides to the individual citizen the fullest possible freedom, the most ample personal protection and the complete security of legal property possession. It is the basic guaranty of exact equality before the law, without classified distinctions. Hence the American nation is composed of the most independent and, therefore, the most strongly individualized race on the face of the earth today, with a record of progress that has no parallel. . . .

—Mabelle Snow

THOMAS JEFFERSON: His personal appearance . . . is described as six feet two inches in height, slim, erect as an arrow, with regular features, a very ruddy complexion, an extremely delicate skin, full, deep-set hazel eyes and sandy hair. He was more a student than athlete, yet he possessed a passionate love of nature and took the greatest delight in horsemanship. Though an ardent student, he was not necessarily a bookworm, but, on the contrary, was fond of society. He was an expert musician, the violin being his favorite instrument, was a good dancer and a daring rider. . . . As Thomas Jefferson's home-life was ideal and a beautiful example to young America, far more so was his public career . . . for forty years he served his country. . . . As a statesman Jefferson was unequaled. . . .

—Annie W. Cannon

TO MRS. M. ISABELLA HORNE

A life replete with brave and noble deeds,
Wrought in sweet patience and humility,
With loving thought for all humanity,
And that which ev'ry living creature needs.

Eighty and one, long years, how strange it seems
That you should see so many wondrous things. . . .
Through youth and wedded life, and widowhood. . . .
And toil and labor, all the time for good. . . .

—Emmeline B. Wells

RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY IN THE SEVENTEENTH WARD, SALT LAKE CITY:

The Seventeenth Ward Relief Society celebrated anniversary day March 17, Saturday evening in the ward hall, President Clarissa S. Williams presiding . . . some exquisite hymns were rendered, beside the sacred songs. . . . Sister B. W. Smith, one of the presidents of the General Board, gave a verbal sketch of the first Relief Society organized in Nauvoo and of its officers and work. At the close of Sister Smith's address, a neat little girl in white came forward and presented her with an elegant bouquet of choice flowers. Sister Julia C. Howe, who had been connected with the ward since its organization, read a sketch of the Relief Society in that ward. . . . The secretary, Mrs. C. F. Wilcox read a . . . paper on the life and labors of "Aunt Zina," and the possibilities of the Society, and paid a beautiful tribute to Aunt Zina, and her magnanimity of character in all departments of life. . . .

—Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

QUEEN ELIZABETH II of Great Britain gave birth to a baby boy February 19th. This is the first time in 103 years a child has been born to a reigning British monarch. Prince Charles and Princess Anne were born before their mother's ascension to the throne.

MISS ELEANOR M. JOHNSON has become a power in American education. Director of Elementary School Services, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, she long served as Editorial Director for the American Educational Press. She became responsible for a variety of weekly publications for schools and also *My Weekly Surprise*, a picture newspaper for the pre-school child. She has authored and directed the development of several series of widely used textbooks.

MRS. MARGARET RUSSELL'S second story "The Cup" appeared in the March *Ladies' Home Journal*. Her first was "String of Pearls." Mrs. Russell teaches the literature lessons in the North Twentieth Ward, Ensign Stake Relief Society, Salt Lake City, Utah. She is the mother of seven children.

BEGINNING March 27, 1960, a six-day White House Conference was held in Washington, D.C., in the interests of children, youth, and better family and community relations. This was the sixth such national convention. They represent a great development in America's social conscience, resulting in improved legislation and organization of public and private social services. In 1909 the emphasis was on home-finding for dependent children — many thousands of them — and breaking up large institutions for child care into small, cottage-type units, more like homes. In 1919 specialists in child welfare, education, pediatrics, and public health drafted a statement of minimum standards for child employment, maternal and child health, and child protection. In 1930, 1200 experts prepared reports on subjects which included prenatal care, communicable disease control, parent education, vocational guidance, recreation, the handicapped, and delinquency. In 1940 democracy was the theme: the economic challenge to democracy; self-respect, self-reliance, and a cooperative attitude necessary to democracy; the family the "threshold of democracy"; the waning of the family's acceptance of responsibility for its own children. The 1950 theme was discovering the ingredients of a healthy personality.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 47 APRIL 1960 NO. 4

"They Shall Speak With New Tongues"

ON a morning in early spring a farm woman who lived in the bleak hills of a western desert walked to the mouth of a canyon to see what appeared to her to be a miracle. She saw a stream of pure water breaking from a snowbank—and only a short distance down the hill the wild yellow violets blossomed in splendor against the gray rocks. Spring had come and hope had come, and sunshine blessed the land. The woman felt joy and gratitude in the turning of the seasonal cycle that had brought the springtime back again. It was the restoration of promise and the renewing of the Heavenly Father's lasting covenant with earth.

To all women whose hearts are made glad with springtime there comes again the message of the holy scriptures and the precious words that bring the undeniable solace and hope of the teachings of the Savior. For among the believers in the land of Palestine were many faithful women "which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him."

First at the opened tomb were the women of Easter. They were the first to hear the immortal words that fell as everlasting sunlight against the darkness of the sepulchre: "He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

To women — first — was the message given — to women who had followed the Christ along his earthly pathway, rejoicing in his gospel and seeking for understanding of his words which opened for them the wide doors of a belief in life eternal.

How glorious are the words of Easter, crystal clear as brooks leaping over stones, deeper than pools of water, and more vibrant than fountains in a season of rain—the words witnessing the resurrection of Jesus, and the consequent arising in the time of promise, of all who had ever lived upon the earth and those who were yet to make the journey in mortality. It is of great moment that women the world over, in every age and generation, should contemplate the significance of that eternal message.

The words came not without a responsibility to those who heard the voice of the angel — or to those women following in later eras of the gospel light: ". . . go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goes before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him . . . And they departed quickly from the sepulchre . . . and did run to bring the disciples word."

Thus the women of Easter became couriers and messengers of the word. Light upon the stone paths were their feet, and glad their

hearts to carry the message of the resurrection. It is not strange, then, that women have been in times past, and are today privileged to rejoice in the glad tidings—". . . go tell my brethren. . . . All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth . . . and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world . . ." (Mt. 28:10, 18-20).

Then, shall we not as women in the beloved sisterhood, accept with rejoicing our privilege of earth life, enduring with courage our trials and disappointments, placing a resplendent faith in the Savior's promise of eternal life? Shall we not rise above the stones and the troubles that beset us, and greet each day even as the women of Easter lifted their radiant faces on that morning long ago from those dark hills roundabout Jerusalem?

—V. P. C.

At Easter

Ouida Johns Pedersen

Along the dark path Mary carried spice
And ointment, sweet and fragrant in her hand.
Seeking to do some small service there,
She sought the tomb across the morning land.

Perhaps she knew, as women know, that grief
May be assuaged in service, that the call
Of human need can bring a sweet relief
When faithful hands are busied with a task.

As sunrise rimmed the hills her eyes beheld
The open sepulchre. She stood in sudden fright
Before the angel, yet she stayed to hear
His message spoken in the growing light.

From tombs of grief the stones were rolled away
Eternally. To all the world was given
Joy, when, trembling in amazement, Mary heard
"He is not here — he is risen — he is risen!"

Notes TO THE FIELD

Brigham Young University On-Campus Leadership Week

June 4-9, 1960 — 37th Annual Festival of Learning

"A LAND OF PROMISE"

The welcoming doors of Brigham Young University will again open to the guests of Leadership Week June 4-9 of 1960. Each year the Relief Society members have found the events of Leadership Week most interesting, enjoyable, and of great help in their year's program. The General Board would like to direct the attention of the members of the Relief Society to the following classes, along with many others, which will be of great value to Relief Society women:

Historical Background of Relief Society Theology Lessons
Relief Society Theology Lessons — The Doctrine and Covenants
Relief Society Social Science Lessons — Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age
Relief Society Literature Lessons — American Literature Comes of Age
Teaching Helps
Music Helps
Audio-Visual Helps — Teaching Materials for Relief Society
Storytelling, Poetry, and Dramatization
Work Day Ideas — Arts and Crafts for Teachers of Adults
(Including workshops)
Family Nights
Teaching Discipline to Healthy Children
Kitchen Planning
Drapery and Lampshade Construction
Community Meal Service
Handling the Family Income
Understanding Your Child
Foundations of Health in the Family
Methods of Caring for the Sick in the Home
Foundations of Testimony

Elder Roy W. Doxey, author of the theology lessons for the coming year, will teach the course on the Doctrine and Covenants; Elder Briant S. Jacobs, author of the Relief Society literature lessons, will teach the classes in American Literature Comes of Age; Elder Blaine M. Porter, author of the social science lessons, will teach a course in Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age; and Elder Ivan J. Barrett will teach the course in the Historical Background of Relief Society Theology Lessons.

Detailed programs and registration cards may be obtained by writing to or calling in at the Brigham Young University Adult Education Services in Provo, Utah.

The information and teachings given at Leadership Week do not substitute for the official Relief Society instructions, but the material is most beneficial as it supplements and enhances understandings.

Leadership week programs at the following times and places will be announced later:

Ogden, Utah	June 20-22
Salt Lake City, Utah	June 27 - July 1
Southern California	August 22-26
Northern California	August 29-Sept. 2
Rexburg, Idaho	November 9-11
Arizona	December 28-31

Lesson Previews to Appear in the June Issue of The Relief Society Magazine

THE previews for the 1960-61 lessons will appear in the June issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and the lessons for October will be in the July 1960 issue. In order to obtain the June issue of the *Magazine*, it will be necessary for renewals and new subscriptions to reach the general offices by the first of May 1960. It is suggested that *Magazine* representatives check their lists immediately so that all Relief Society members will receive all of the issues containing the lessons. Ward presidents, also, should make this announcement in the April meetings.

The Widening Circle

Charlotte R. Leyden
Associate Director, Public Education
American Cancer Society, Inc.

THE widening circle made by a pebble in a lake always reaches the outer edges. If it's a large lake it takes longer than if it's a small lake. If you dropped a pebble from a boat into the center of Lake Michigan you might never witness the moment when the widening circle meets the shoreline. But you know for a fact that it will.

Not all of us may live to see cancer conquered. . . . The concensus of scientists is that cancer will be conquered just as were other once dread diseases, such as tuberculosis, pneumonia, and polio. The question is no longer *if*, but *when*.

There are many doctors in practice today who remember the time when there was no *if* about it, when the outlook for the average cancer patient was death and disaster. That was when a small group of men and women dropped a pebble of hope into the dark, seemingly impenetrable depths of the cancer problem. Slowly it spread into what has now become a vast life-saving network of research, service, and educational programs. Independent volunteers built the American Cancer Society as their instrumentality for achieving cancer control. The Society is a grass roots organization which belongs to its 2,000,000 volunteers, working in fifty states. They raise the funds, they set the policies, they do the chores that each year help save the lives of 165,000 men, women, and children cancer patients. . . .

In many areas informative films for group showing may be obtained from local organizations of the American Cancer Society.

One million living Americans cured of cancer bear witness to the success of these efforts. In April the Cancer Crusade will give you a chance to drop a pebble with a dollar sign into the widening circle of hope for every cancer patient in America. . . .

Recipes From the West Central States Mission

Submitted by Anna C. Merrill

Huckleberry Dessert

1 c. sugar
2 tbsp. butter
1 egg, beaten
1 tsp. baking powder, sifted with
1 c. flour and pinch of salt
3 c. ripe huckleberries, washed
½ c. sugar, mixed with cinnamon or nutmeg

Mix in order given, stir in huckleberries. Spread in greased cake pan, 8" x 10". Sprinkle top with ½ cup sugar mixed with cinnamon or nutmeg. Bake 25 or 30 minutes in 400 degree oven or until brown and crusty. May be served with cream, whipped cream, or lemon butter sauce. Serves four.

Beef in Sour Cream

3 lbs. lean stewing beef
3 tbsp. fat
5 large onions
2 c. sour cream
½ tsp. oregano
1 tsp. salt

Cut beef in chunks suitable for serving. Roll in flour and brown in fat. Remove to baking dish. Slice onions thinly and brown in remaining fat. Add sour cream and seasonings. Cover and bake in 300° oven for 2 hours or until tender. Serves 8.

Banana Drops

2½ c. flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. soda
⅔ c. shortening
1 c. sugar
2 eggs
½ tsp. vanilla
1 c. chocolate drops or chips
1 c. mashed bananas

Mix as for standard cookie recipe. Drop by teaspoons on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 400° for 10 to 12 minutes. Yield: 6 dozen.

Butterscotch Brownies

¼ c. shortening
1 c. brown sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp. baking powder
¾ c. flour
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. vanilla
½ c nuts

Mix as for standard cookie recipe. Bake at 350° for 20 to 25 minutes in 8-inch square pan.

Barbecued Venison

Use round, T-bone, or other cut of steak. Sauce is for approximately four servings.

Sauce:

¾ c. catsup
3 tbsp. mustard
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
salt, pepper to taste (onion salt if desired)
¼ c. water

Combine all ingredients in the order given to make bar-b-que paste. Place meat in greased baking dish. Spread prepared paste over meat. Add small amount of water to bottom of pan to keep meat moist. Cover and bake at 350° for 1 ¼ hours or longer, depending on tenderness of meat. Add water if needed.

Roast Pheasant

1 pheasant
1 qt. boiling water
3 stalks celery
1 onion
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
4 strips bacon
1 c. water

Clean pheasant, place in pan, and pour boiling water over bird and into cavity. Place celery and onion in bird. Do not sew up. Rub bird with salt and pepper. Place in roasting pan and place the bacon strips over breast. Add the 1 c. of water and roast in moderate oven (350° F) uncovered for 2 hours or until tender.

Wild Duck

1 duck
1 stalk celery
¼ apple
1 onion
3 strips bacon
2 tbsp. bacon drippings
salt and pepper to taste

Clean duck and soak in strong salt water 2 or 3 hours. Remove from water and dry well. In cavity of duck place celery stalk, apple, and onion. Season outside of bird with salt and pepper. Fasten strips of bacon across the breast of bird with toothpicks. Place duck, breast side down, in uncovered roasting pan. Add bacon drippings. Roast at 375° F. until it begins to sizzle and turn brown. Place lid on, and reduce temperature of oven to 300° F. Baste every 20 minutes and roast for 3 hours. During last half hour remove cover and turn duck so breast will brown.

De Luxe Hot Cakes

3 c. unsifted whole-wheat flour
1 tbsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
3 tbsp. honey
2 egg yolks
1 ½ c. whole milk
3 tbsp. oil
2 egg whites, beaten

Combine in order given, folding in beaten egg whites last. Bake on lightly greased hot griddle. These are really light and tasty.

Pan Cakes, Chuck Wagon Style

6 slices bacon
⅛ c. cooked bacon fat
2 eggs
2 c. milk
2 c. flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
¼ c. sugar

Chop bacon and brown lightly. Set aside while fat cools. Sift flour, baking powder, sugar, and salt together. Beat eggs, stir in milk and cooled bacon fat. Add dry ingredients. Beat to a smooth batter. Makes about twenty 3-inch cakes. Cook on hot griddle.

Doughnuts

2 eggs, beaten
1 c. sugar
2 tbsp. oil
1 c. sour milk or buttermilk
4 c. sifted whole-wheat flour
½ tsp. soda
1½ tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. cinnamon

Combine beaten eggs, sugar, and oil. Add sour milk or buttermilk and beat. Sift dry ingredients together twice and add to first mixture and beat well. Knead for ½ minute. Roll to ⅜" thickness, cut, and fry in deep fat.

Prune Cake

1½ c. sugar
2½ c. flour
3 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg
¼ tsp. cloves
½ tsp. allspice

Mix well in a large bowl, then add:

3 eggs
½ c. chopped nuts
1 c. prunes (cooked, cooled, pitted, and add juice)
1 tsp. vanilla
½ c. shortening

Beat until smooth, about 4 minutes. Bake at 350° for 45 to 50 minutes.

Easy Caramel Icing

1½ c. brown sugar
¼ c. top milk
2 tbsp. butter
1 tsp. vanilla

Mix in saucepan, bring to boil, and boil for 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add vanilla, beat until thick and creamy enough to spread. Add a little cream if needed to spread.

Wild Morning Glories

Ethel Jacobson

Colors run riot
Over the plain!
Here like a purple
Hurricane
The morning-glory
Armies sweep
Till we walk in glory
Ankle-deep,
Where a myriad tiny
Trumpets blare
Triumphant paeans
On April air!

To Die Before Thy Time

Helen Bay Gibbons

MARY Sheridan was smiling as she hung up the telephone. It was easy to break that appointment, she thought. I'd better call Martha again right away —she is so insistent, and the luncheon does sound tempting.

For a moment she glanced outside at her flower bed, neat and colorful behind the billowy, white Priscilla curtains. Mary took great pride in her excellent housekeeping. She enjoyed creating for her husband and children the peace and comfort of a clean, uncluttered home. Her eyes surveyed the shiny kitchen, and discovered in the corner a small boy's Cub Scout cap, carelessly crumpled.

"Oh, dear, I forgot about Jamie's scout program this afternoon." She tapped her toe impatiently. "Well, it isn't very important. Jamie will understand about the luncheon," she reassured her sinking spirits. Remembering the Cub Scout commitment really troubled Mary, for she was a conscientious person, but deliberately pushing aside her misgivings, she raised the telephone.

That's when she heard the voices. Her startled senses suddenly became aware of an unexpected conversation.

"Who else is coming in to see Dr. Sterling today, Sue?"

"Not too many patients. A Mrs. Mary Sheridan just called and changed her late afternoon appointment to Friday."

Many blocks away, Mary listened silently. She was a very proper person who usually wouldn't dream of eavesdropping, but hearing her own name mentioned, curiosity conquered. She held the receiver quietly — straining to hear the muffled voices of her doctor's nurse and receptionist amid the background of doctor's office noises. Apparently no one there had noticed the telephone ajar on its cradle, and the earlier connection with Mary's line remained unbroken.

"Mary Sheridan!" she heard the nurse exclaim. "Did you check with Dr. Sterling to see if it would be all right to postpone the appointment?"

"No. I thought it was just a routine matter. Is it important?"

"I don't know for sure. Dr. Sterling had asked Mrs. Sheridan to come back today so that he could discuss with her the results of the tests we ran. Where are the lab reports?"

Mary sat stiff and attentive. She heard the rustle of shuffled papers, and a comment or two that she just could not make out. Then she heard the nurse exclaim, quite clearly:

"Oh, dear. This is a bad one!"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not an expert at assessing lab reports, but see what it says: 'evidence of widespread malignancy.' It's sad when a case like this occurs. I don't envy Dr. Sterling. Of course, he'll check and double-check, run more tests, and do all that he can, but when his efforts fail, he must face the patient. It must be terribly difficult to tell a woman that she has only a few months left to live."

MARY felt a heavy agony begin to grow inside her.

"Only a few months left to live." Her shocked mind repeated the phrase over and over. Its chilling force paralyzed her muscles and she sat with the telephone frozen in her grip, totally unconscious of the click of the other receiver, and the buzz of the dial tone.

"It isn't true — I don't believe it," Mary cried aloud at last. But even as her ears heard the words, she realized that she did, too, believe it. A fear of just this sort of thing had taken her to Dr. Sterling's office in the first place. She put down the telephone, buried her face in her arm and wept.

She cried only a short time, however, for Mary Sheridan had never been inclined to hide from reality. Always, when something went wrong, or when something had to be done, she had gone to work with a kind of aggressive energy to resolve her problems. Now that the first force of the shock was receding a bit, her mind probed urgently inward, and she began dispassionately examining her own soul. What was to be done? She tried to weigh her strengths and weaknesses just as she might have inspected the items in her daughter's back-to-school wardrobe.

"Here I am," she finally admitted to herself, "just another middle-aged matron with a somewhat dusty mind and well-polished furniture. I have carefully cultivated my flower garden, and neglected my character. I live with my drab spirit in a lovely, cheerful house."

"How did it happen?" she kept asking herself. "Dear, generous Dan works overtime to buy the things I want, and we are all too busy to have much time together. Oh, Jamie and Louise, how I've neglected you."

It did not take long for Mary to realize that there was much to do. And being very conscientious, she wiped away her tears, rose to her feet, and began to rearrange her way of life.

* * * * *

"NOW, boys," said the den mother, Mrs. Whitney, "will you please stand, one at a time, and introduce your guests. Mothers, welcome to our Cub Scout party."

Mary Sheridan sat very straight in her chair, resisting the urge to hug Jamie and his scrubbed freckles. No need to embarrass him in front of his friends. There was a certain manliness about him, but Mary could still see in him the baby son she had held in her arms such a short time ago. A big grin kept popping out all over his face, and his head bobbed around excitedly. He was so lovably like Dan, big, exuberant, and perpetually in motion. As Mary glanced at Jamie, she remembered uncomfortably the snowman they had not had time to make, the hike in the canyon that would have made them too dirty, and the noisy friends that were too unruly to invite into the house.

"Boy, that was a real neat party, wasn't it, Mom!" Jamie burst out on the way home.

"Yes, it was, son, and I'm glad you invited me."

As usual, Louise burst into the house breathlessly. "Mom, the kids are waiting outside for me. May I go over to Janet's rumpus room. She has some dreamy new records."

"Hi, honey," Mary answered

breezily, "run along, but be home in time for dinner. Why don't you get the crowd together here for a platter party sometime soon? We could roll back the rugs and dance, if you like."

Louise had an expression on her face like Christmas morning, as she dashed out. Mary's face looked lit up, also. Perhaps it was the reflection of the afternoon sun.

WHEN Dan saw the living room, his concern was very evident. "Mary, what's happened to your expensive new love seat that was delivered yesterday?"

Mary's smile was warm and affectionate. "I sent it back to the store and cancelled the order for the other pieces. Here is the refund check."

"But, honey," her bewildered husband frowned, "I thought you liked the new furniture."

"Oh, this old couch is much more comfortable," his wife reassured him, "and besides, we need lots of things more than a new love seat—like dinner now, for instance. Later, let's hold a family council. I've a few suggestions — about taking a hike Saturday instead of working in the yard. This beautiful weather is too good to waste."

Dan still looked puzzled, but smiling at the aroma of steak and onions, and patting the refund check in his pocket, he accepted the new atmosphere uncomplainingly.

Later that night, lying awake in the moon-drenched bedroom, Mary drank in deeply of the refreshing air of evening, and watched the familiar face of her husband relax into sleep. She knew that Dan had sensed something was different, but Mary had made it safely through without revealing her secret.

Wonderful Dan — always so kind and good. She remembered the day they married, promising each other, "We'll make our lives really mean something." Hungrily, her eyes took in every beloved detail of her husband's appearance — his broad, muscled shoulders and strong, square hands, the funny wrinkles around his eyes.

"It's almost too late, Dan," she whispered, "almost, but not quite."

She fell asleep thinking of the freckled grin of a small boy, and the joy in a teen-aged daughter's lovely eyes.

THAT was the way the days passed until Friday. The children hurried home from school to a mother with time to welcome and listen to them. Dan, refreshed by the thought of the sizable refund check deposited in the bank, seemed more relaxed and secure. He seemed to find more time to spend with his family. Mary, marking and savoring every hour as it passed, knew that she must go on Friday to see Dr. Sterling and hear from him what amounted to her death sentence — the penalty which disease had placed upon her.

"Dr. Sterling will see you now, Mrs. Sheridan." The nurse's voice, clipped and formal, sounded strangely like doom to Mary. She shuddered slightly, but squared her shoulders as she walked down the hallway.

Dr. Sterling was examining a paper as she came in. It was the lab report, no doubt. At least, it would be a relief to know just what

she might expect. In any case, Mary thought, I'll appreciate the days that remain.

"Mrs. Sheridan," Dr. Sterling greeted her cordially, rising and extending his hand. "How are you today? Won't you be seated."

"Please don't think me abrupt, Doctor," Mary said, sitting nervously on the edge of the chair, "but I am anxious to know the truth."

"Well, that will be easy. We find only a small benign tumor, easy to remove. Otherwise, you are in fine health."

Mary looked at him suspiciously, struggling to hide the quaver in her voice, "Please don't be afraid to tell me what you really found. You see, I overheard your nurse. I already know what is on the lab report."

"Well, Mrs. Sheridan," Dr. Sterling smiled as he spoke, "you obviously overheard the wrong lab report. You are the fortunate one — another of my patients is not so blessed with good health. All that we must do now is make a date for taking care of that tumor."

* * * * *

The afternoon sunshine was brilliant in its happy blue sky. The flowers smiled gaily. Mary missed nothing of the sights and sounds of the city streets, the earth, the sky and the people around her as she hurried home to continue her new-planned life with her husband and children.

Masterpiece

Viola Quinn Willmore

Blushing pink, fluffy white, and cerulean blue,
Orange, mauve, and cerise in loud or muted hue;
Purple, gray, and harvest gold—
What artist dares to paint so bold?

And yet in the evening to the West there lies
This panorama in Dakota skies.

Cosmetics for Grandma

Esther H. Lamb

THE day had been long, warm, and work-laden. I sat, grateful for a moment on the cool stone of the front porch, glad for the sound barrier the house provided between me and the half dozen lusty-voiced grandchildren playing on the back lawn.

All day they had performed like monkeys on strings, each set in motion by his own animated need for action.

"I am weary to the bone" I told myself. I would be glad when night folded them in its quietness.

Suddenly the back yard war changed its battlefield. All the generals hurled their forces past me in frenzied pursuit of imaginary foes.

Five-year-old Scott, the wildest lieutenant ever to go into action, broke ranks, leaned toward me and pressed sweet lips briefly against my cheek, and charged away. He never guessed the tingling wave of renewal that his caress had spread across my face, to lodge with restfulness in my heart.

Planters for the Patio

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

ONE of the surest ways to increase the outdoorsy feeling of the patio and tie it to the garden is by means of planters. So containers become of basic interest — what size, what shape, where and how to obtain them?

I made mine and collected Oriental kegs to add to them. The Japanese grocers import native foods for their customers. Soy bean sauce, pickled plums, etc. arrive in wooden kegs of a delightfully artistic design. They are made of hardwood staves with bamboo rounds. Removing the paper labels, sanding off the print, and applying a coat of spar varnish is a very small task, and you have a beautiful jardiniere, or with a brace and bit, you can bore drainage holes and have a practical planter that will enhance the beauty of any arrangement. Since the kegs are made of wood, if they are used as jardinieres, they need periodic soaking to prevent shrinkage and falling apart. But as planters, the watering of the plants keeps the staves moist and tight.

The goods boxes which carry the canned goods in from the Orient are another source of planter material. These may be obtained through the Japanese grocers for a few cents each. They take redwood stain well, and, being hardwood, make particularly serviceable containers. One box sawed in half lengthwise will make two planters. The lids provide the material for filling in the open side. If the lids are not available, two boxes will make three planters 7″ x 10″ x 20″, which may be finished in two shapes — depending on whether you use the 7″ side for the bottom or the 10″ side. This is determined

by the space it has to fit, and also, by what the intended planting is. The shallow, wider box is a satisfactory petunia and shallow-rooted plant container. The deeper box serves well for geraniums and coleus plants.

In making containers of wood, one must keep in mind the fact that wood swells when wet and may warp out of shape. This warping is controlled by binding the bottom and sides around both end pieces with strips of metal. For this one can use the metal strips that come off peat moss bails and similar sources, but, usually, I use brass weather-stripping because it is just as binding and is ornamental as well. When inch-wide stripping was all I could purchase, I split it lengthwise with the garden shears with little resistance. An additional binding around the middle with full-width weather-stripping makes a good decoration.

ANOTHER source of material is the redwood pieces discarded in the kindling piles at the local lumber yards. Also, it pays to buy redwood by the foot and make your own designs, because in that way you can fit the size and shape of the planter to your requirements. I had mine cut to measure at the planing mill and put them together with small finishing nails. The least expensive material is the unfinished redwood used for basket-weave fences. It has a pleasing, rough texture. For other spots you might prefer the finished redwood. You can buy it in a number of widths and thicknesses, and, cut to measure, the finishing of the boxes is a simple, pleasant job.

Except for the kegs, most planters, of whatever wood they are made, look better and give longer service if they are given two coats of redwood finish "three-in-one," which stains, seals, and waxes in one application.

My patio contains two house windows. I leveled my sills with a piece of 2" x 8" redwood beveled on the underside to fit the slope and

secured to the widowframe with angle braces. Around this slab, and protruding one half-inch above the surface, I nailed a wide strip of weather-stripping which serves as a lip to prevent slipping of window boxes and as an ornament. Window boxes trimmed with redwood bark and planted with Madeira vines make a picture of the windows and soften the severity of the firebrick walls.

Carrying out the theme in the garden, the fifteen-feet circle, which is my iris garden, is only foliage from June on. To fill this space with color, depth, and interest, planters and stands proved an aesthetic answer. Large boxes 10″ x 10″ x 27″ filled with Maytime petunias, and resting on iron stands, backed by taller merchandise-display stands, loaded with tiers of planters filled with Pink Wizard petunias, which carried out both depth and height to the color picture, carry summer color out, up, and back to the background of Persian lilacs. A nail keg, cut wide at the mouth and bearing a rich redwood coat, holds a growing bouquet of dwarf dahlias and fills the center spot.

Each year teaches me a little more about color effects and timing, but I key my whole garden color scheme to the phlox which, in this locality, are at their height in patio season. A planting of City of Portland (melon pink) cannas is lovely in an Oriental keg with lower-growing related plants such as chin-cher-chin-chee or gladioli blooming around them.

The small boxes that fit the flower cart are made of cut-to-measure finished redwood and planted with coleus, geraniums, and fibrous begonias.

To keep planters off the floor and allow drainage, which is provided for by bored holes, I use rubber-headed furniture protector pins or rubber caster cups nailed on upside down.

Planters frequently need moving for convenience or for obtaining sun and shade as required for plant growth. This chore is made simple by use of a few homemade dollies. One wide board cut the proper length for fitting the planter, reenforced by a cross piece at either end, is made mobile by screwing casters to the cross pieces, one in each corner. If no wide wood is available, the crosspieces make it easy to hold narrower lumber together. Homemade dollies have two advantages over commercial ones, they cost less and can be made to fit the need. The casters of the type that screw to the bottom of things can be bought at most hardware stores for a reasonable price.

Thirteen Don'ts in Sewing for a Best-Dressed You

Wilma M. Rich

"YOU always look as if you had stepped straight from the pages of Vogue!" my neighbor reflected aloud one day. "How do you do it?"

"By sewing all my own clothes," I answered simply.

With a wail close to tears, she asked, "But how? I sew, too, but I come closer to looking as if I've splurged at a third-rate rummage sale instead. What makes the difference?"

What does make the difference? Expensive materials? Four hundred dollar sewing machines? Extensive sewing courses? Or just taking a few specific pains and double checking?

Speaking from experience, I've discovered that good quality material and a smooth-running machine do help, as do hours of experience and learning; but the big thing that makes the big difference is learning to eliminate a few simple mistakes.

Mistakes most often made by beginners as well as experienced seamstresses can be wiped quickly and easily from the slate and thus save frustrated tears and chucked away, half-finished clothes. But how?

Well, to explain easily, let me list the "don'ts" to watch out for and leave the "do's" to the pattern you choose to create with.

First of all, I'll generalize with one tremendous *don't* that briefly overheads all smaller ones: *Don't shortcut!*

The others follow and are all of importance.

1. Don't begin your article until you are completely familiar with your pattern, material, and sewing machine. If you do, it is like putting your confidence in numerous, strange business partners.

2. Don't underestimate the value of markings on your pattern pieces. Use them to full advantage. Having a dot or a broken line to follow may save many precious moments and stitches.

3. Don't choose at random the kind of seam for your garment. Investigate types of seams for different types of clothing and complement your article with the best seam possible.

4. Don't feed material under the needle too fast and turn out faulty, uneven seams. Anyone can sew fast, but only an expert can sew straight.

5. Don't leave seams unfinished or depend entirely upon pinking shears for finishing seams. Leaving a seam unfinished is like leaving a cake un-iced, and pinked edges are only effective on certain materials. All materials fray; only finished seams keep unruly threads intact.

6. Don't neglect to clip curves and trim seams when the pattern calls for it. Carelessness may produce puckers and humps and look very unattractive.

7. Don't fight "the battle of the bulge." If bulges crop up in obvious profusion, don't try to push or pry them out, the result may be hazardous. Get to the base of the problem and work it out deftly from where the bulge begins.

8. Don't cover one mistake with another. Two wrongs don't make a right. Undo the first and the second will take care of itself.

9. Don't scowl at and skip around the word "baste" on a guide sheet. It is put there for your benefit and will simplify your job immensely. Take the extra time that says you care.

10. Don't tack by machine in conspicuous places. It may spare you a moment, but will cost you that fashion-lovely look you desire.

11. Don't pull gathers haphazardly. The tiny gathers determine the graceful curve of a sleeve and the full, flaring drape of a skirt. Make them precise.

12. Don't finger-press. Use an iron so your seams, pleats, tabs, and plackets will lie flat and even.

13. Above all, don't sew under stress. An hour of mistakes may be avoided by a twenty-minute relaxation break.

To sum up:

Don't take your sewing for granted. Take time, use care, and be tolerant and patient. You'll discover a whole new world of delight ahead and an exquisite, fashion-fancy, new you.

Untold Promise

Vesta N. Fairbairn

Like an opening flower,
Like morning's dawnlight hour,
Like the unread page,
Like spring's first breath of sage,
Like untried chords and tone
Of a song, unsung, unknown,
Like mystery of earth
Is each year's joyous birth.

Moonlight

Celia Luce

THE night was a gusty one, with the sky almost covered with clouds. The moon sailed behind the clouds, sending its light in a great glowing circle where the clouds were thin, and pecking through tiny holes in the thicker clouds.

I watched with delight, but feared the display was about at an end. Ahead of the moon was a dark cloud that looked as though it was so deep and black there would be never a hole for the beauty of the moon to shine through.

The moon crept on behind the dark cloud, but her radiance kept finding thin places and holes, and she went shining on. The cloud which had looked black and forbidding was made golden and beautiful by the moon's presence.

There are times when life looks like the dark cloud. There doesn't seem to be anything ahead but the deepest of gloom.

Then the wise person turns to the Lord in prayer. The light of God will shine through the gloom and scatter beauty over the path ahead.

The light of the moon may not be fully appreciated on clear nights; but a few clouds spread the glow and add immeasurably to the beauty.

We turn to God for help when the way ahead looks dark, and our lives are richer, more beautiful, for the clouds of sorrow we have seen.

Do It Yourself

Joy Hulme

THE do-it-yourself urge with me is like yeast. Hidden away in my being somewhere are the tiny spores waiting for the proper frame of mind to nourish them. When a spark of thought warms them, and they are fed the sweet sugar of ambition, they begin to ferment and grow within me until I am filled with a bubbling effervescence for action.

My husband Bill has choked down sandwiches for dinner many a time while he suffered through the worst and hoped for the better. My children have learned to make their own beds or open a can of soup for lunch in case of emergency. (Emergency has a very liberal meaning at our house.) But the person who has needed the most understanding is my mother-in-law.

Some supersensitive instrument must have been built into Bill's mother for her to detect when the yeast has come to a head, that she can always pick the day of my latest project to "drop in."

It is almost as uncanny that I cannot predict her visits. I have not yet figured out what pattern they make on her closely followed schedule of things to do. I can predict a week, a month, or even ten years in advance that come Monday morning, she will wash. Tuesday, rain, shine, or hurricane, she will have the ironing finished by ten o'clock. So it goes. She has a time for everything. She never has spring or fall housecleaning as I do, when everything is turned excitedly upside down for two weeks and finally settled comfortably, cleanly back. Each day she does some of those extra cleaning chores. She would never say on a fine spring Monday, "I think I'll just sit under the apricot tree and drink in the deliciousness of the air." I could. And, likely as not after studying the pleasing shape and arrangement of blossoms on the apricot bough, I would think, wouldn't that make a nice design for an etched aluminum tray? I'd make a circle of my fingers and, looking through it with one eye closed, move it closer and farther away from the flower-laden twig, until I had determined the placement of the spray in the design I was already forming in my mind. I really should make something for Mary Jean Thomas' wedding, I would think. And the bubbling was started in my brain.

By afternoon I would be deep into the project. The dishes would still be in the sink and the floor littered with not quite perfect patterns that lay where I had dropped them in my zest to make a better one. My fingernails would be black with asphaltum, but on the tray the design would be painted in neat clean lines. About the time I would hold it up to admire the freshness of spring I had caught, Bill's mother would ring the bell, and I'm sorry to say, she would not catch any freshness of spring, but rather the choke of turpentine, as she came through the door.

THE truth is I wanted to feel that way myself. My mother-in-law was everything I'd like to have been — calm, cool, collected. I yearned

to be the competent master of my fate that she was. But efficiency was a conservative garment I wore only occasionally. I still kept it well pressed, hanging in the closet to slip on at a moment's notice, hoping for the chance to appear casually clad in it when my mother-in-law arrived; but I never had time to get it on.

Last spring I thought I was cured forever and ever of the do-it-yourself business.

It started one morning as I lay in bed and saw a cobweb hanging from the ceiling. I looked around for more and noticed, not for the first time, the streaked green color of the walls and the dark spots by the light switch.

"This room needs painting," I said.

"Uh huh," agreed Bill who was always affable when he wasn't quite awake.

The idea was only a vague thought. I could turn away from it. Sometime later I got to the mental game of choosing a color scheme, and the day I saw the paint sale at the hardware store, I knew there was no turning back.

I don't like to paint at all, really, so the thought was in my mind to have Bill do it, although his uncooperative idea about all do-it-yourself projects was that they cost nearly as much as a professional job by the time you had bought the tools; that they didn't look so well; and besides (and mostly) that they were too much work.

I didn't ever really expect Bill to do it, but just mentioning it was part of the process. Sometimes it took a good deal of impatience to get the yeast-like action going.

After several days of hinting, I finally said, "When are you going to paint the bedroom?"

"You're not expecting me to do it, are you?" he asked. That settled that. Still I had had to eliminate the possibility that he might do it because I didn't want to, either.

After that I took to measuring the room with my eye and approximately the number of strokes with the roller it would take to do each wall. I assembled the tools and materials needed so nothing would slow me down once I got that urge to get the job done. Still no urge. The yeast was getting old.

It was one Monday morning, after a particularly peaceful week end, that my eyes swept the room with a new speed. The size of the walls diminished under my gaze, and the length of my arm sweep and the width of the paint roller were exaggerated by my exuberance. And today was Monday. Bill's mother would be too busy with her washing to catch me in a mess.

"I think I'll just paint this room today," I said.

"Uh huh," mumbled Bill and rolled out of bed.

Just paint this room today, indeed! That proved to be the understatement of the century.

I started to pull up the covers on the bed but threw them back instead. Might just as well have clean sheets, too. I'd just toss them in the washer.

As soon as Bill had gone to work and the older children were off to school, I stacked the dishes and started the painting.

If only a roller or brush could sweep down a wall as fast as the eye thinks it can! I had failed to con-

sider the rough finish of the plaster. It took a great deal of pressure on the roller to force the paint into the recesses of the wall. Before long I was puffing with the effort. I paused and looked back to admire the spot I had finished. The thirsty plaster was drinking in the paint like a blotter. Instead of the clean oyster-white I had in mind, the spot was a dingy, pale, seasick green. Feeling a pale, seasick green myself, I turned back to my task with more determination but less enthusiasm. I'd have to hurry to get two coats done before Bill came home and saw that bilious color.

Four-year-old Wayne appeared in the doorway. "Whyn't you give me 'prize?" he asked. "An' not a kiss."

"I don't have any surprises," I said, stretching to reach a little farther on the ceiling. "Run outside now and play in the sand pile." Finally, by staring him down, he said, "Okay," and the door slammed.

By mid-morning my shoulders ached from pushing, and my neck was stiff from holding my head tipped back to look at the ceiling. I remembered the sheets in the washer and went to hang them out. Then the overflowing hamper of soiled clothes demanded attention.

When I had put down my paint roller to hang clothes for the sixth time, I looked at the clock. Patty would be home from school any minute and could play with Wayne when he woke up from his nap. In another blessed hour Edward would be home from his paper route. He could help me with the second coat. I'd tried a swipe where the paint had already dried and it was the gleaming, clean color of an oyster shell. My spirits had revived somewhat, but I had given up on my time schedule. The woodwork would have to wait until tomorrow.

Edward came in about four o'clock with his face looking like a storm cloud.

"Finished your route already?"

"No, I haven't started it. My bike won't work."

"What's the matter with it?"

"The fender drags on the wheel."

"Can you fix it?"

"I just have to tighten up a screw."

"Go tighten it then. What's all the fuss about?"

"I can't reach the screw without taking the wheel off. I'll need a little help."

Edward and I have an unexpressed understanding between us. I will give him help when he needs it, and he will do the same for me. It is very fine to have a son like that.

We had the wheel off his bicycle and the guilty screw tightened in a few moments, but couldn't get the axle nut tightened after we replaced the wheel. After working for half an hour, we discovered the threads were stripped. We were rummaging in the odds-and-ends box looking for a new part when the phone rang. It was Mr. McCloud wanting to know why his paper hadn't been delivered yet.

"Get in the car," I said to Edward. "I'll take you around your route." I called to Patty to wash the breakfast dishes and set the table for supper while she watched Wayne. "All right," she said. Patty is a delightful child. "Please help me with my arithmetic, when you get back," she called.

THAT night when Bill and I crunched our way to bed across

the newspaper-strewn floor, he said, "We should have hired John Olson to paint this room."

"We couldn't afford it," I reminded him.

He acted as if I'd reduced the resale value of the house at least five hundred dollars by doing the job myself, and we couldn't afford that either.

"It will look better with a second coat," I assured him, pointing to the spot I'd gone over twice.

"I hope so." He sounded dubious as he turned out the light.

The next day I painted with the greatest care. I went over every spot until not a speck of green was showing. The enamel on the woodwork was brushed and brushed and not a drop allowed to run. I painted around the window glass with a meticulousness unheard of by professional painters. This took a good deal of time, however, and by afternoon I could see I wouldn't finish this day either.

I sank wearily into a chair. I felt the enthusiasm escape from me in tired little puffs. This time the yeast had risen too high. Tomorrow I would start being efficient like Bill's mother. I'd make a schedule and leave no time on it for my crazy schemes. Tomorrow when the painting was finished, that is. I picked up a paper and pencil and made a few notes: Monday, wash; Tuesday, iron.

I may be slow to get started, but at least I'm not a quitter, and the next morning I was at my task early. This was very much to my credit, for the air outside was like bubbling gingerale—sparkling, cool, inviting. Bill's enthusiastic "Not bad. Not bad, at all," when he saw the room, had given my spirits the lift they needed. I marveled at my luck that my mother-in-law hadn't caught me in the worst of all messes.

No sooner had this thought crossed my mind than a car crossed the intersection and drove to a stop in front of the house — her car.

I quickly wiped the paint from my arms, peeled off my dirty clothes, and slipped on a clean dress. I sprayed air freshener in a thick choking fog to dissipate the paint odor and shut the bedroom door.

WHEN the bell rang for the second time, I called, "Come in," from the kitchen where I'd started to wash breakfast dishes.

I had to look twice to make sure it was Bill's mother. No crisp gingham today. She was wearing an old skirt, and one of Dad's faded shirts. My mouth was so busy being open she was the first to speak.

"I came to help you," she said, "with the painting." She should have been a detective. I thought my quick camouflage had been complete.

"How did you know?"

"I heard from Bill and I see paint on your nose," she said simply. "Where's a brush?"

"But today is your day to clean the linen closet." I had memorized her schedule by now.

"Forget the linen closet. Who will know a hundred years from now if I cleaned it today or not?"

"Mother, sit down. Do you feel all right?"

"I haven't felt better for thirty-five years."

"Will you explain what's happened to you?"

"Nothing happened to me. I happened to it. *Emancipation Proclamation.*"

I decided I'd better humor her. I was afraid something had snapped in her well-disciplined mind.

"What did freeing the slaves have to do with you?" I asked.

"I have just freed myself from being a slave — a slave to my house, to my work. But, mostly, to my schedule. I burned it."

"Burned your schedule?"

"Yes, I wanted to be like you. Master of my fate."

"But I'm not master of my fate at all. You're the one. . . ."

"Oh, yes, you are," she said. "If you want to do something, you do it. I'm always wanting to come over to see what new and exciting things you are doing."

The new, exciting things she was talking about rushed in a quick procession through my mind — the etched trays, the ceramic figurines, the floats for the children's parades, raisins drying in the sun, copper tooling, mosaics, piecing quilts. The line was long. It had been fun.

"You've taught your children to do all sorts of things," she went on. "You are never too busy to help them learn."

I hadn't really taught them, just let them work with me. They were so eager, and their small fingers responded skillfully. It was true they had learned to do many things both to help and for fun.

I crumpled the paper I had started writing my schedule on last night, and dropped it in the waste basket on my way to the bedroom.

"Let's hurry and finish the painting," I said, "and then how would you like to ride up the canyon and take a picnic?"

"I'd love to," Mother answered. "We could get some river stones so I can get started on that rock garden I've wanted so long."

One thing I didn't know about do-it-yourself until then. It's contagious.

Claim

Maude Rubin

I claimed this garden plot for mine . . .
From desert earth I'd made it,
Planted every rose and tree,
Harbored bird and humming bee,
Hoarded seed and gently laid it
In the furrow — powdered fine
Was every clod of dry adobe.
But now these flowers so full of wonder,
These drums of hail, these shouts of thunder,
Tear my flimsy claim asunder . . .
God's — the seed, the storm, the tree,
God's — the garden, lent to me!

Christening the New Carriage

Lula Walker

IT was an ecstatic moment when I first saw our new carriage that lovely summer morning in 1905. No sleek-lined Cadillac could ever thrill me as did that carriage, its satiny smoothness gleaming in beautiful newness — a marked contrast to our weather-worn old spring wagon.

The carriage was a complete surprise. Only the night before papa had smuggled it into the shed, then driven it out next morning at the strategic moment when we were ready to go visiting. For years we had longed for a carriage. Now we had one, with a wonderful glossy top to shelter us from both sun and rain. No more aching arms from holding parasols. And those intriguing little glass boxes up in front held real kerosene lamps. Fancy driving along a dark road with carriage lights gleaming like a couple of giant fireflies!

Papa had perfectly timed the new purchase with our long-planned visit to the Wright family who lived on a distant farm in the "Eagle" neighborhood.

Proudly we climbed in, Papa and Mamma in the front seat, we children in the back. Off we went behind Major and Ribbon, our fast-stepping sorrels. The carriage rode marvelously. It was like skimming along on air compared to our clumsy spring wagon.

Everywhere was lush summer greenness—rolling meadows, fields of knee-high corn, and great clumps of wild roses dotting the roadside. In spite of our urging him to go fast, Papa drove slowly, saving the horses, he said. Poking along was not in keeping with a handsome new carriage, when we knew our team could pass any other on the road. Not till we reached the National Trail did Papa "let out the ponies." This was the best road in the country, graded and dragged to almost boulevard smoothness by the enterprising Eagle farmers.

But there was another reason for Papa's increased speed. This fine road was attracting those newfangled automobiles. Just as well get out of danger as soon as possible, Papa said. The possibility of meeting one of the machines put a slight damper on our high spirits. We were fearful as to how Major and Ribbon might react to their first sight of an automobile.

Terrible stories were told of what sometimes happened when horses saw automobiles. There had been runaways and even people killed. Women seldom drove on the road any more. A man's grip on the reins was needed if one of those nefarious machines was encountered.

ALERT to danger, we kept close watch on the road back of us. Suddenly, my heart stood still, but I managed to gasp, *"There comes one!"* No need to say what. Papa urged the team ahead, while the rest of us concentrated on that brassy-eyed monster. If only we could reach the safe haven of Mr. Wright's barnlot before it caught up with us!

The horses' hoofs clicked faster

and faster, but what horse could match a machine that raced at the reckless speed of twenty miles an hour? It was gaining on us! No doubt about it. The horses' ears were up. They had scented the acrid smoke of that fearful machine. Mr. Wright's red barn loomed ahead. We might make it if the gates were open. With the sprawling hedge, we couldn't tell.

Closer and closer came the wheezing monster. "Hurry, hurry!" we warned Papa. A tickle of the whip, and the team broke into a gallop. Just ahead, a man was wildly waving his arm in the direction of the gate. Thank goodness it was open! Mr. Wright's firm hand gripped Ribbon's bridle as the brass-trimmed machine went snorting by. The horses stood panting with heaving sides, but we and our new carriage were safe.

We hadn't realized how common the gas buggies had become. Before the day was over, a half dozen went whizzing by. And each time we children raced to the front gate for a close-up of this fascinating machine. With their curiosity under better control, the grownups took their vantage point on the front porch. Almost as queer looking as the automobiles themselves were the occupants — men in funny black goggles, women with long fluttering veils, and both men and women wearing long coats that Mrs. Wright said were "dusters."

Conversation that day didn't fall into the usual pattern of "man talk" and "woman talk." In the parlor Mr. Wright and Papa made desultory attempts to discuss crops. But it was hard to concentrate on corn when any minute they might have to dash to the porch to see how the passing model differed from the one that went by an hour ago.

Both Papa and Mr. Wright were agreed that automobiles were a menace. Vermont might have the right idea, they said, in passing a law that forbade driving an automobile on a public road unless a man walked several hundred feet ahead to give warning. But Mr. Wright admitted a few Eagle farmers were getting "the bug." His neighbor, Ed Matson, had just bought one. Foolish, of course. He wouldn't think of it himself. Oh, maybe in a year or two, if crops were good. . . . But Mr. Wright's conclusion was cut short by a raucous honk that sent both men scurrying to the porch.

THE topic of automobiles had also invaded the kitchen. As she whipped the potatoes, Mrs. Wright kept up a sprightly flow of chatter about the Matsons and their new automobile. Dropping her voice to a whisper, she confided to Mamma that she was worried . . . worried about her husband who was showing strong symptoms of "automobile fever." He was a good man, but men were men, and you couldn't tell. . . .

"Come on, you women," boomed Mr. Wright from the parlor, "or you'll miss this one." Mrs. Wright dropped the potato masher, and with Mamma rushed to the porch.

We could hardly bear to leave that exciting spot. We took a back road home, since Papa decided the longest way round might be the safest. Jouncing over this little-traveled road, our new carriage didn't ride quite so smoothly, but

we children chattered excitedly about those whizzing automobiles we had seen. Would we ever, ever ride in one, or wear one of those glamorous veils, we wondered?

Papa might have been wondering a little, too. He held the reins loosely, looking straight ahead with no comments on the corn we passed. Only now and then he'd speak, and when he did, it was to say something about automobiles. As yet, our new car was only a gleam in his eye, but the gleam was there.

The Old Red Couch

Helen B. Morris

I sat in the platform rocker staring at my old red couch. It wasn't really red any more — just the color that is left after many seasons of sun have subtracted the intense hues of newness. Varied lengths of faded strings dangled from the worn right arm, and an inch of heavy white cord pointed in my direction. It was a big, awkward intruder standing boldly against the new gray-green wall.

Sadly, I realized it would continue to be the "chief seat" in our house for many seasons yet. But, then, it would surely have to go.

This last thought stirred some idle corners in my mind. As I looked at the couch again, a vision of memories played before the eyes of my imagination. It magically melted my scorn and transformed it into a kind of affection. Then I knew that to cast it away without a thought of thanks would be slightly akin to retiring a loyal servant to penniless idleness.

I suddenly remembered the bleak day four Januarys before when my three-year-old lay weak and feverish. He was sicker than I had ever seen him. His pale, thin face made his heavy eyes look large and sad. I put a pillow and a blanket on the old red couch, and he lay there waiting for the doctor to arrive.

That evening he sat up, turned to me and asked, "Mommy, who is it that makes little boys well?"

"The doctor?" I guessed.

"Yes, Mommy, but who else makes boys well?" he persisted, and without waiting for my answer, "It's Jesus that makes boys well, Mommy."

At least seven different pairs of Relief Society visiting teachers have been asked to sit down on that old red couch. As they have sat there they have brought cheer and beautiful messages of gospel hope into our home.

Any number of insurance, magazine, food-plan, awning, book, soft water, and brush salesmen have spent persuasive, fruitless hours sitting there with wares we may have wanted, but would have to wait a while longer to afford.

Then into my mind flashed a picture of our family of four sitting side by side on the old red couch. There we have sat to begin our family hours — with all their successes and failures. Here three of us sat while we waited for the five-year-old to summon enough courage to give the talk he had composed for this special purpose.

I remembered his child voice saying, "I believe in Heavenly Father. I believe that the gospel is true. I pray to Heavenly Father when I should. When Jesus and his disciples went out fishing, the sea was 'furious,' and Jesus said, 'Peace be still,' and the sea was calm. I love my brother and my parents. . . ."

SO many times we have invited our bishop and his counselors to sit down on the old red couch. Then we have steadied ourselves, wondering if their tidings might be a new challenge somewhere in the upbuilding of the kingdom. And surprising as such requests have been, or how far above us the task may have seemed, any bread cast upon the water has always returned a thousand fold.

The old red couch has provided a seat for a representative from at least seven different classes of shy, twelve-year-old boys who have come faithfully on Fast Sunday morning carrying with them a stiff brown envelope.

Then I remembered sitting there one late September evening. The head of our house came home later than usual from a Saturday night Priesthood meeting. I sat there while he told me he was the new member of the stake high council.

Since then I have sat there waiting for him many long and lonely evenings, but there we have also sat when he returned and we have discussed issues great and small. From this spot, I realized, had come most of our hopes and plans. It had been the setting of many of our deepest confidences.

Faces of friends old and new passed before my memory as I thought of the people who had sat on the old red couch. I remembered the wonderful, welcome friends who came to strengthen us in our moments of sorrow, and to share with us our times of joy.

My reminiscing mind saw two tiny babies napping on the old red couch. It saw two little boys clinging to its edge as they learned to walk. And as they grew, their keen imaginations transformed its arms into horses, its cushions into boats, and its back to the tallest building in the world. And temporarily, it has been known to become a tumbling mat, a slippery slide, and even a trampoline.

I remembered sacred moments when lying there ill I have felt the power of the Priesthood give me needed strength and felt great gratitude for the presence of the Priesthood in our home.

We all went to the old red couch when we first sat down together as a family of five, and we opened a little white blanket to introduce a heaven-sent baby daughter to her two excited, noisy brothers. It was there we all said a silent, humble thanks for this gift of life.

Remembering, a little of the color seemed magically restored to the faded red upholstery. The desire to send it to obscurity had lost its urgency. There it stood, meaning many things to a family — a boat, a cradle, seat of honor, and even a spare bedroom for grandpas and grandmas when they came to spend the night.

Still, in time, the old red couch will have to go. But not to be discarded — just tucked away. It was the remembering that changed it from an enemy to a real trusted friend.

Pathways

Evelyn Cox

IN the early dawn I walked across a meadow. The air was cool with a fresh, earthy fragrance. Birds chirped and called from near by willow and poplar trees.

From the indigo blue of the sky to the green carpet of grass I felt the world was beautiful; it was good to be alive. I enjoyed this habit of walking and looking and listening in the early hours after dawn.

My steps left slight imprint upon the grass as I passed by. And then I crossed a path. Many footsteps had worn away the tender green blades of grass. Even the roots had long since been trampled and destroyed; the earth was worn down and deeply rutted.

I stopped and thought, how like a pathway are the habits we form. Most acts, whether good or bad, do not leave too deep an impression when they are committed once. However, each repetition gives a deeper impression, and we have made a path upon which we travel, up or down, whichever the pathway leads.

Applesauce Bread

Myrtle Ainsworth

1 pkg. yeast(either fresh or dry)
(dissolved in 1½ cups warm water)
1 c. applesauce (sweetened or unsweetened, as desired)
1 c. dry milk
1 c. cracked wheat
¼ c. sugar
1 tsp. salt
¼ c. shortening
5-6 c. white flour

Mix all of the ingredients together, except the white flour. Then add two cups white flour and stir well. Let the mixture stand in a warm place to rise (from one two hours). Then add the remainder of the flour, enough to make a soft dough. his requirement will depend upon the thickness of the applesauce and the consistency the dough desired. Mold the dough into three loaves, or two loaves and one dozen lls, as desired. Dot with butter or brown sugar and let rise until double in bulk. ien place in an oven preheated to 400° F. After ten or fifteen minutes, reduce the at to 300° and bake for one-half hour or more according to degree of brownness sired.

Raisins or chopped nuts, dates, prunes, or figs may be added to this recipe, and, desired, for a sweet bread, more sugar may be added. If unsweetened applesauce is d, the bread will not have a sweet flavor.

Anna Whitney Johnson — Gifted Artist

ANNA Whitney Johnson, Springville, Utah, in all her eighty-two years, has exemplified the theme "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." An artist of multiple talents and many interests, she has been successful in landscape painting in oils, china painting and designing, raising houseplants, designing and quilting quilts and comforters, making hooked rugs, tooled leather articles, ceramic figurines, and many pieces of embroidery, crocheted articles, and knitted clothing. She is a charter member of the Hafen-Dallin Art Club, and was Springville's "Mother of the Year" in 1956.

Mrs. Johnson has devotedly served the Church, and has worked in various positions in Relief Society for thirty-six years. Her descendants include four sons, two daughters, twenty-four grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

Home Responsibility

Winona F. Thomas

I thought to write a poem,
One was running through my head,
But I made you pajamas
To keep you warm in bed.

I could have made a picture,
But I knew you had no bread
I kneaded dough and baked the loaves
So that you would be fed.

I fingered the piano;
My music was outspread.
When I saw dust upon the floor
I cleaned your house instead.

That night my prayers were heaven sped.
"Thank God for you," is what I said.

The New Day

Chapter 7 (Conclusion)

Hazel K. Todd

LYNN packed her luggage carefully while it was still early morning.

Aunt Polly had arisen long before sun-up and picked fresh rhubarb. Now she was making pie. There was already gingerbread on the cupboard, fresh strawberry jam, and a pan of chicken ready to be fried.

"My goodness, Aunt Polly, you'd think it was Thanksgiving or something with all this baking," Lynn said, coming into the aromatic kitchen.

"I thought you might like a lunch to nibble on, on the way. If this David boy is like other men, he likes to eat."

"I'm sure he does," Lynn laughed. "And he will be happy, I'm sure, to know he's marrying into such good cooking."

"Don't say such things. You might give me a swelled head." Aunt Polly was trying to be jovial. But she added seriously, "It has been wonderful cooking for you again!"

Then they didn't say any more.

All day Lynn waited anxiously. She started watching the road long ahead of time.

"It's a long way to Chicago," Aunt Polly said once.

Lynn laughed a little. "I guess I'm just too anxious."

Once she went out and walked around the yard. "If I could just have helped Johnny," she said, "it would have been so much easier to have."

And then she saw the tiny speck far off in the distance. And she knew it was David. Even before she could see the gray and green color of the car, she knew it was he.

"Aunt Polly," she said. "I think he is coming!"

Aunt Polly came and stood beside her.

"Aunt Polly," Lynn said, "keep trying to help Johnny."

Aunt Polly didn't answer.

The big gray car was coming up the hill now. Lynn gave Aunt Polly a quick kiss and went out the door.

She walked to the gate and stood waiting. And then, in a minute David's arms were about her.

"Lynn, my darling," he said holding her head against his shoulder. "It seems as if you've been gone a year instead of a week."

"Does it really?"

She held to his hand then. "But, come, Aunt Polly is waiting to look you over. She has cooked such a feast we can never eat it all."

They walked up the path holding hands, to the house where Aunt Polly was waiting. . . .

It was difficult to say goodbye. Even the delicious breakfast of blueberry muffins and scrambled eggs hadn't taken away the sharp edge.

"I never knew I was such a crybaby," Aunt Polly said.

But she couldn't seem to do anything about it. She stood holding the corner of her apron to her eyes. "Oh, go on, get out before I start all over again."

"We must see her often," David said, as they walked to the car.

"It's a promise," Lynn said, and then she saw Peter, almost upon her. His face was flushed from running, his shirt tail stuck out, and his chest was heaving.

"You got to help me. Lindy's sick!" he panted.

IN horror, Lynn looked down into his face.

"Her knee hurts. It's all big and red."

The cut by the turkey nest! The iodine! She had not used it!

"What is the matter?" David asked, looking at the frightened boy. "Who is this child?"

"He is Johnny's boy," Lynn said. "His little sister cut her leg badly the day I called you."

"My Dad had to go before Lindy woke up. That MayRee woman told me to always call her number, but I forgot it," Peter said unhappily.

"But I can find it," Lynn said, seizing the ray of hope. And then she stooped and put her arm around Peter. "I am going away to Chicago to live," she said. "But MayRee will always be here to help you. I'll find her right now. She is a nurse and will know just what to do for Lindy."

In the house Lynn explained briefly to Aunt Polly, and then waited for the hospital to find MayRee.

"But I guess you know you got me sent home the other night," MayRee said to Lynn's second invitation to go to Johnny's house.

"Please try again."

"What am I supposed to do this time?"

"That day before you came Lindy fell and cut her knee. I wrapped it up. Now Peter is all excited. He says that Lindy is sick, that her knee is red and swollen."

"But Peter could have called me if he wanted to. I told him to."

"He forgot your number. He's all confused."

There was a slight hesitation. "But Johnny will just send me home."

"Johnny isn't there now. Anyway, MayRee, somebody's got to help them. I'm going back to Chicago. I won't be here any more. Don't you think it would be better for you? You will always be here. And besides you are a nurse and know what to do."

MayRee sighed. "Very well, Lynn. I guess I'll always keep trying."

"Please do. And please let me know as soon as you can, how Lindy is. I'll be waiting here."

"It may take only a few minutes if Johnny comes. I may be back before you get your hat off."

BUT it was an hour before the phone rang.

Lynn held the receiver with trembling hands. "MayRee?" she asked eagerly.

"Lindy is all right, Lynn, just a real sore knee, with a dose of infection. I'm taking her to the hospital for penicillin."

"Oh, MayRee, I am so glad."

"Yes, it could have been serious soon."

"Johnny . . . did he come?"

"Yes, he came just when I had the bandage off and it looked the worst."

"He didn't send you home then?"

"No. Because I scared him ha

to death. I made him think Lindy was sick enough to die. He was glad to have me stay. If you have been wondering, Lynn, if he loves those children, you don't have to any more. He adores them."

"Oh, I'm sure he does, but. . . ."

"He promised to change his ways, to . . . to forget the past. He promised to let me help him."

"MayRee, I am so happy."

There was a faint sob.

"Lynn, do you — do you think some day maybe I could be a good stepmother?"

Lynn smiled to herself. "The best in the world, MayRee." She hesitated a moment. "Will you do something for me?"

"Anything, Lindy."

"Just tell Johnny we said goodbye as the best of friends."

There was a slight pause.

"But I . . . Why don't you tell him yourself? He's with Lindy. I'll get him."

"But I'm not sure he would talk to me."

"I think he would now, Lynn. Wait just a minute."

Lynn waited calmly until she heard him pick up the receiver.

"Johnny?"

"Yes, Lynn."

"I just wanted to say goodbye."

"Thank you, Lindy."

"You have darling children, Johnny."

He paused. "I . . . I want to thank you for being so kind to them. They adore you."

"I will be looking forward to seeing all of you when I visit Aunt Polly."

"Lynn, can you forgive me for being — for being that way?"

"Of course, Johnny. I have been foolish, too. But that is all in the past. Remember, this is a new day, a bright new day, with all the world before us."

"Yes," he said, "I will try to remember."

She wiped the tears from her eyes and wondered why she was crying when she was so happy.

And then she hung the phone on the old worn hook, kissed Aunt Polly again, and went to find David who was waiting for her in the porch swing.

The Wild Plum Tree

Evelyn Fjeldsted

From near the creek a wave of perfume comes,
As softly as the zephyr's touch at night.
The native wild plum tree will soon bring plums
To ripen in the wind and valley light.

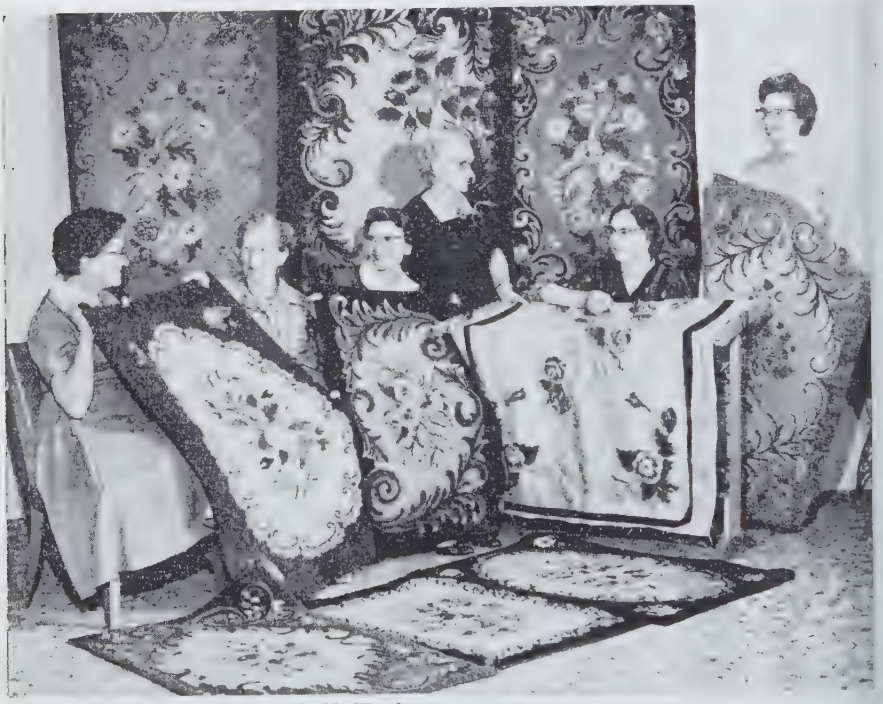
Its growth was sure when there was much at stake,
And with the perfume of another dawn,
It brings back fleeting memories that take
Us far, but blossom trystings soon are gone
With all the sweet intangibility
Of perfume from the Potawatomi.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

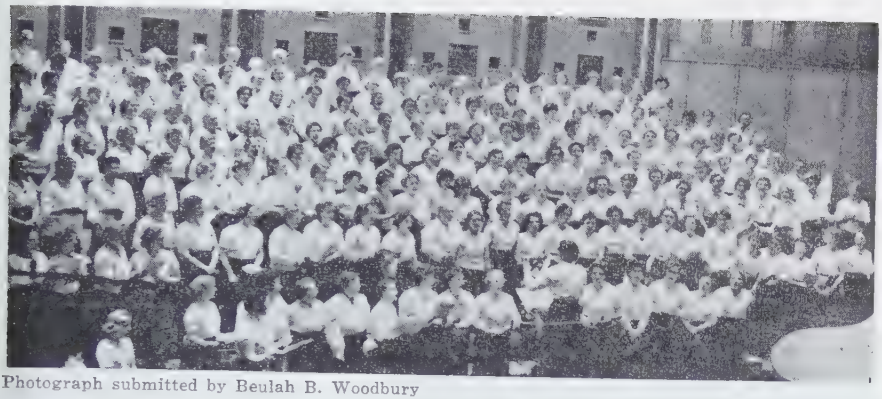


Photograph submitted by Marjorie M. Ward

SALT LAKE STAKE (UTAH), NINETEENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES HOOKED RUGS IN PROJECT "RAGS TO RICHES"

Left to right: Jeanne Wilkins; Naomi Bliss; Antonia Van Otten; Alice Tolman, instructor; Cordelia Taylor; Connie Ward.

Marjorie M. Ward, President, Salt Lake Stake Relief Society, reports: "During the year 1959 the Relief Society sisters from the Nineteenth Ward have hooked these beautiful rugs, making them entirely from discarded woolen clothing and old blankets, doing all the dyeing themselves. They have learned the true value of thrift, the real art of blending colors, and the joy of doing something very worthwhile. 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' With care, these rugs will last for many generations, a luxury many could not afford if they had to buy them. These rugs cost so little, only the price of the stamped burlap and a few cents for dye."



Photograph submitted by Beulah B. Woodbury

BRITISH MISSION, CENTRAL AND NORTHERN DISTRICTS SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT CONFERENCE
December 1959

Beulah B. Woodbury, President, British Mission Relief Society, reports: "General Conference of the Central and Northern Districts was occasioned by the visit of President Henry D. Moyle of the First Presidency and Lawrence D. McKay of the Sunday School General Superintendency, their wives, and the two daughters of President Moyle, Alice and Janet.

"The Singing Mothers have been called on to organize themselves and sing at each of the district conferences this past fall series. All of the Singing Mothers from this area united in a group of 226, which was led by Sister Margaret Jenner of the Hull District, and Sister Elsie Curtis, also of the Hull District, acted as accompanist. . . . The Singing Mothers have also been called upon to provide the music for the spring series of conferences almost by popular demand of the membership of the mission.

"Many expressions of appreciation of this event were received from district presidents and branch presidents, as well as from many others. President Peter J. Everett of the Hull Branch commented: 'The Relief Society choir was truly magnificent, a choir of angels. How great it was to sing with the other 2,034 saints, and then to crown all this to hear the leaders of our Church speak.' "

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY VIEWS FILM "UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE," November 5, 1959

Ruth Stapley, President, Phoenix Stake Relief Society, reports the showing of the film "Unto the Least of These" through courtesy of the Fox Theatre, Phoenix. "More than 1100 women came out to see the film. A personal invitation was sent to every woman in the three stakes (Phoenix, East Phoenix, North Phoenix) inviting her to come and bring her husband and friends and neighbors.

"We began the hour-long program with a beautiful prayer offered by the East Phoenix Stake visiting teacher message leader, Edith Alexander. Then a greeting and introduction of the film by Ruth Stapley, President, Phoenix Stake Relief Society, followed by a song, 'The Lord's Prayer' sung by our talented Phoenix Stake Relief Society organist Virginia Peterson. Then the film was shown, followed by the song 'My Testimony' sung by a large group of Singing Mothers from Phoenix Stake. Benediction by Mildred Romney, visiting teacher message leader of the East Phoenix Stake. It was truly a touching and inspirational hour. We know that many hearts were touched that morning and many good resolutions were made anew.

"We sincerely thank our wonderful General Board, and especially Sister Christine Robinson, for this marvelous story so beautifully told and filmed."

Photograph submitted by Minnie P. Burton

WEST GERMAN MISSION, COLOGNE BRANCH SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR NOVEMBER 1, 1959, SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAM

At the right: chorister Margaret Schoeler.

First row, left to right: Erna Schumacher; Martha Elisabeth Otto, President; Hedwig Klesper.

Second row, left to right: Anna von Kalkstein; Margarete Obermann; Frieda Weichhaus; Margarete Moecke.

Back row, left to right: Ruth T. Benson and Marion Kaye Greenwood.

Minnie P. Burton, President, West German Mission Relief Society, reports: "Ruth Benson and Marion Kaye Greenwood are missionaries. The Singing Mothers groups in our mission have done much to bring our sisters together. Many of our groups are small, but in this land where so much fine music originated, the love for music is ever present. We hope to encourage such groups in each branch in the mission."

Photograph submitted by LaRue L. Schoenfeld

LAKE VIEW STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, October 18, 1959

Lake View Stake Relief Society officers and board members, seated in the front row, left to right: Mabel Burgener; Gwen Stokes; Hazel Heslop; LaRue L. Schoenfeld, President; Glenda Thompson; Lucille Molen; Iola Belnap Murray, chorister; Mabel Peterson; Laura Holmes; Mae Matis; Marietta Parker.

Several members of the chorus were absent when the picture was taken, including Dorothy Code, stake organist and Mabel Belnap Relief Society stake organist. Sister Mabel Belnap's picture is inserted at the top right.

Sister Schoenfeld reports: "Approximately one hundred Singing Mothers participated in the singing for both sessions of conference, and also for conference in January of the same year (1959). Some of the songs sung in the two conferences were Sister Florence Jepperson Madsen's 'Oh, Lovely Land, America,' 'My Soul Is Athirst for God,' and 'If Ye Love Me, Keep My Commandments.'"

Photograph submitted by Luella T. Wilson

KOLOB STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION
January 9, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Clara Gren; Nellie Wiscombe; Ella Peterson; Sarah Jane Davies; Mary Christensen; Maggie Daley; Sarah Beardall; Harriet Brown.

Second row, seated, left to right: Amy Ostler; Harriet Jensen; Zelma Christiansen; Edna Lindsey; Leila Fullmer; Alice Johnson; Eva Bird; Estella Wixom; Mary Whiting.

Third row, seated, left to right: Clara Perry; Agnes Harrison; Annie Gividen; Gladys Parry; LaVerl Young; Martha Houtz; Olive Whiting; Zina Dibble; Eugenia Bird.

Back row, standing, left to right. Roka Fackrell; Velma Hjorth; Thora Dalley; Lilly Barney; Rose Neilson; Martha Whiting; Margaret Miner; Mable Brown.

Luella T. Wilson, President, Kolob Stake Relief Society, reports: "At a Visiting Teachers Convention held in Kolob Stake, January 9, 1960, all visiting teachers were invited to become star teachers for 1960. As they arrived, a gold star on a blue background was pinned on each visiting teacher. Stake Priesthood authorities, President Ernest A. Strong, Jr. and advisor, Bishop Oliver H. Dalton, were present and spoke words of inspiration and encouragement. The beautiful film 'Unto the Least of These' was shown, and two musical numbers were rendered by the Sixth Ward Singing Mothers. All sisters with twenty-five or more years of service as visiting teachers were introduced by their respective Relief Society presidents, and presented with a pretty blue potted primrose in a gold foil container. Corsages were also pinned on four sisters who had served over fifty years. The oldest was Amy Ostler, who has served sixty-two years and is still active. Refreshments were served after the program at a table beautifully decorated in blue and gold, which also carried the theme of being star teachers."

Nineteen other visiting teachers with twenty-five or more years of service are not represented in the picture.

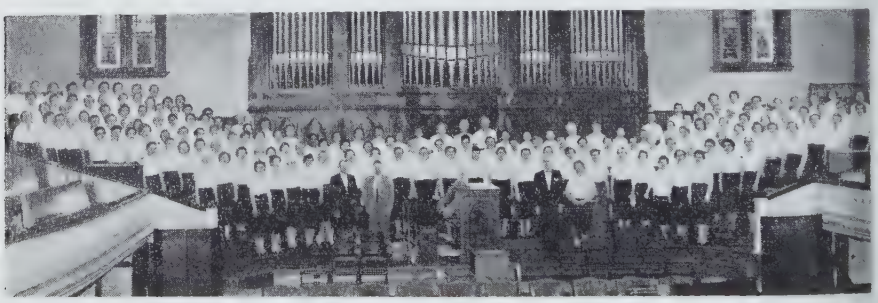
Photograph submitted by Mona Brown

TWIN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) LEADERSHIP MEETING AND WORK MEETING CHRISTMAS DISPLAY, December 1959

Seated, left to right: Ruth Stanger; Blanche Hansen; Lucille Poulton; Ila Campbell; Jean Staley; Mary Cheney, stake work director.

Standing, left to right: Wilda Carlson, stake organist; Donnie Miller, reader; Ella Johnson; Effie Larsen; Lois Willis; Marilyn Fairbanks; Deonne Roberts; Thelma Quigley; Norma Larson; Muriel Demer; Betty Birrell, stake chorister.

Mona Brown, President, Twin Falls Stake Relief Society, reports: "Our December leadership meeting preliminary program was presented by the stake music department and told of Christmas in song and verse. Following the departmental meetings, we all went into the work department to view the lovely Christmas displays and have refreshments served by the stake board."



Photograph submitted by Mary G. Jensen

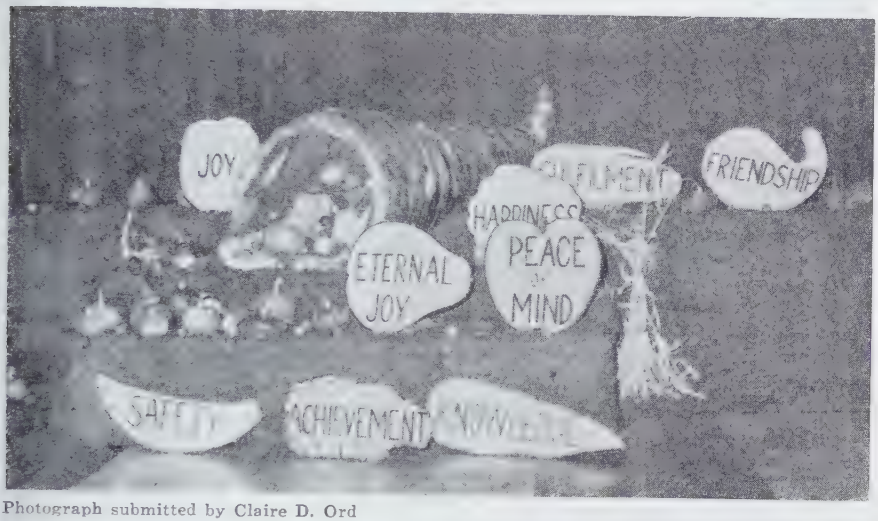
JUAB STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS WHO FURNISHED MUSIC FOR THE WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL CONFERNCE, October 7, 1959

Standing at the right: Tabernacle organist Alexander Schreiner and Vivian P. Hoyt, director of the chorus.

Standing in the foreground, at the left of the organ: Will L. Hoyt, Juab Stake Patriarch, and husband of Mrs. Vivian P. Hoyt; Juab Stake President R. Roscoe Garrett.

Mary C. Jensen, President, Juab Stake Relief Society, and her counselors Helen B. Jones and Reba C. Mangelson, are standing in the third row, center of the left section.

Sister Jensen reports: "One hundred sixty-five women participated, their ages ranging from twenty three to eighty-nine years. This group of women represented about 1250 family members (husbands, children, and grandchildren). There are six wards in Juab Stake and almost one hundred per cent participation of stake and ward officers and class leaders in the chorus, with only a few trained singers in the group. Selections sung were: 'Prayer Perfect,' by Stenson, and 'When Mothers Sing,' words and music by Vivian P. Hoyt. Sister Hoyt has dedicated and assigned this song to the Juab Stake Relief Society, who are contributing all proceeds from this music to the building fund of the stake and ward building which is in the process of construction."



Photograph submitted by Claire D. Ord

UNION STAKE (OREGON), BAKER SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS HARVEST THEME AT OPENING SOCIAL, September 28, 1959

Claire D. Ord, President, Union Stake Relief Society, reports: "The opening social for the Baker Second Ward used the harvest as its theme. It was held in the evening, husbands were invited, and a lovely harvest dinner was served. The hall was beautifully decorated, with the center of attention being a very large horn of plenty, showing an abundant harvest. (The horn of plenty was made of chicken wire, brown wrapping paper, and a hoola hoop.)

"With the beginning of the program, a much deeper theme was introduced, that of the *spiritual harvest*. What are we gleaning from this life to take home to our Heavenly Father? As each of the different departments was represented, each held different shaped seeds (made of painted cardboard), saying that attendance at Relief Society would aid us in the planting and nurturing of the good seeds bearing the fruits of the qualities we so desire. As each sister finished her preview, she placed the fruit bearing a word which we could expect to glean from her contribution to Relief Society in the coming year.

"The invitations, sent earlier, were gay, using burlap for the covers, and bright colored yarn and stickers for the horn of plenty. This opening social was outstanding in theme and general beauty, and presented well to both the sisters and their husbands the coming year's work and the aims of Relief Society. Sister Luella Jordan presides over this ward."

Photograph submitted by Elizabeth C. Hayward

EAST SHARON STAKE (UTAH) PRESENTS "PREVIEW OF CHRISTMAS IDEAS," November 5, 1959

Left to right: Hilda F. Stewart, Stake Work Director Counselor; Helen Bateman, Ward Work Director Counselor; Helen Cragun, stake work meeting leader; Lillian Smoot, ward work meeting leader.

Elizabeth C. Hayward, President, East Sharon Stake Relief Society, reports: "On November 5, 1959, the East Sharon Stake of Provo, under the direction of Hilda F. Stewart and Helen Cragun, presented 'A Preview of Christmas Ideas.' Each of the eight ward Relief Societies was responsible for a display. These, plus two guest displays, made up the exhibit, which included the following subjects: gifts in music, gift wrappings, homemade toys and games, Christmas foods, Christmas decorations, inexpensive gifts, aprons, quilts, household items, and books. During the afternoon over three hundred sisters from the stake visited the preview. Arrangements were made for ward work meeting leaders to obtain patterns and instructions as requested by the women of the wards."

Charity

Iris W. Schow

Charity is the last loaf — shared;
The grace to lean; the will to lift;
The step that ends the second mile;
The giver, given with the gift.

Books for the Church Pianist

( ) Church Pianist—Stults 1.50
( ) Eighteen Hymn Transcriptions—Kohlmann ..... .85
( ) Famous Sacred Songs—Peery 1.25
( ) Melodies For Church and Home—Shelley 1.00
( ) More Concert Transcriptions of Favorite Hymns—Kohlmann .. 1.00
( ) Piano Hymn Voluntaries—Lorenz 1.50
( ) Piano Transcriptions of Your Favorite Hymns—Parsons 1.25
( ) Preludes, Offertories, Postludes—Schaum .. .85
( ) Preludes, Offertories, Postludes—Stickles .. 1.25
( ) Sacred Piano Album for Home and Church—Gahm 1.50
( ) Sacred Piano Solos—Rettenberg 1.00
( ) Sabbath Day Music—Randolph 1.50
( ) Sunday Piano Music—Boston 1.25
( ) Tranquil Hours—Presser 1.50
( ) Twenty-Four Voluntaries—Stickles 1.50

Music Sent on Approval

Use this advertisement as your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
15 E. 1st South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

Please send the music indicated above.
☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed

Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....

Daynes Music Company
15 E. 1st South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

HAWAII TOURS

June 4, June 13, June 29, August 8, November 21, 1960. All tours are especially planned for either ship or air.

HILL CUMORAH PAGEANT

July 29, 1960 — 2 weeks
July 30 — 3 weeks

NORTHWESTERN TOURS

June 25, 1960 — Two weeks

DISNEYLAND TOUR AND LOS ANGELES

June 11 thru 17

EUROPE

August to October

Ask for folders of our many other tours

MARGARET LUND TOURS

3021 So. 23rd East, Salt Lake City, Utah
Phones CR 7-6334, AM 2-2337, IN 6-2909

• BEAUTIFUL
• HANDY
• DURABLE

A sure way of keeping alive the valuable instruction of each month's *Relief Society Magazine* is in a handsomely bound cover. The Mountain West's first and finest bindery and printing house is prepared to bind your editions into a durable volume.

Mail or bring the editions you wish bound to the Deseret News Press for the finest of service.

Cloth Cover—$2.50; Leather Cover—$3.80

Advance payment must accompany all orders.

Please include postage according to table listed below if bound volumes are to be mailed.

Distance from Salt Lake City, Utah	*Rate*
Up to 150 miles	.35
150 to 300 miles	.39
300 to 600 miles	.45
600 to 1000 miles	.54
1000 to 1400 miles	.64
1400 to 1800 miles	.76
Over 1800 miles	.87

Leave them at our conveniently located uptown office.

Deseret News Press
Phone EMpire 4-2581
33 Richards St. Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Southern Tour
April 23, 1960
Eight wonderful days — Manti, Mesa, St. George, and Los Angeles.

Hawaii
June 1960

Mexican Tours
June 1960
Also student tour in June 1960.
Visit Book of Mormon places.

Northwest Tour
June 20, 1960

Black Hills Passion Play
July 2nd through 9th, 1960

Hill Cumorah Pageant
July 22, 1960

Guatemala
Book of Mormon Archeological Sites. Tour leaving August 20, 1960.

ESTHER JAMES TOURS
460-7th Avenue
Salt Lake City 3, Utah
Phone: EM 3-5229

A Touch of the Divine

Wilma Boyle Bunker

RECENTLY I was returning home, planning as I drove along what could be prepared quickly for the family dinner. It was late afternoon, and the sun was just ready to dip behind the tops of the mountains on the west of the Salt Lake Valley. I had my car radio on listening to the musical setting of "The Lord's Prayer." As the soloist began to sing, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever," I glanced up at the snow-capped mountain peaks in the east where the setting sun spotlighted their whiteness, and in that fleeting moment I felt a touch of the divine. Yes, I am sure I would have appreciated the beauty of God's handiwork without the music, but combined with it, it truly washed away from my soul the dust of everyday life.

A Christmas Chest for All the Year

Elizabeth C. McCrimmon

INSTEAD of saving money for a Christmas fund, articles fo Christmas presents may be ac quired throughout the year. I pic them up at sales when I am ou shopping, or stow them away in m Christmas cedar chest. Althoug Christmas is often overdone, th saddest gifts are those that aren' given. There are lonely and neglect ed people who, with just a littl more effort, could be remembered It is a misfortune for a child to b disappointed on Christmas morn ing!

So, all year, when I go shoppin or attend sales, I keep my eyes ope for exceptional values or appropr ate stock for Christmas giving. Thi in addition to supplying the need of our immediate family.

In the spring, winter clothing i disposed of at half price. Summe clothes are sold at heavy discoun in the autumn. I have found trea ures in a rummage sale and dug ou antiques at a secondhand store.

A lingerie shop, closing out, is bonanza. A picture from one plac a frame from another, combine a tractively. A few of the books buy and read during the year a stored away to be passed on at hol day time. Linens are always a ceptable.

I have fun at a ceramic sale i obtaining figurines for indoors an out, and finding artistic planters f succulents.

Cosmetics and perfumes a luxuries from drug store sales. Co tume jewelry lends an exotic not Carved leather and baskets fro

across the border make appreciated gifts, sometimes dressed up with sequins and velvet.

An elderly lady that I drive to the grocery store volunteered to make the clothes for both old and new dolls, and I purchase aprons, and children's clothes at the Relief Society bazaar. With this, I help a worthy cause as well as get good values.

During the year I also save clean, pretty boxes. These are stored one inside another to save room. Christmas boxes are quite expensive. Ten days before Christmas, when everyone is rushing around, I arm myself with a box of festive wrapping paper, a ball of ribbon, and some name cards. Leisurely I go to work on the contents of the chest; decide what to give whom. Won't some of the recipients be surprised! My idea of a Christmas present is a surprise. Something that a person would not buy for himself.

I do not go into debt nor impoverish the family for holiday festivities. At the last minute I can scurry around, dig up a bottle of perfume or arrange a basket of fruit for an invalid; or bake fresh cookies for the children.

Then I have time to address the Christmas cards, and perhaps write Christmas letters. Sometimes a letter is the best gift of all, and all it costs is a four-cent postage stamp!

Easter Message

Matia McClelland Burk

After the cross, the victory;
After the night, the day.
With spring's eternal promise—
The stone is rolled away.

Vida Fox Clawson Travel Center

Dear Friend:

If you are interested in HAWAII, remember we have tours going every month.

Spring Blossom Tour leaves April 19th and May 28th.

EUROPEAN TOUR

1960 is the most important year for a trip to Europe because of the PASSION PLAY at Oberammergau, Germany, which is given only once every ten years. Tour sails on June 10th. Write for complete itinerary.

HISTORIC TRAIN AND BUS TOURS

Send for day-by-day PROGRAMS — all Historic Tours will include the HILL CUMORAH PAGEANT. There are both two and three week tours.

Write or Phone:

VIDA FOX CLAWSON

216 South 13th East
Salt Lake City 2, Utah
Phone: DA 8-0303

LEARN TO TYPEWRITE!

New Classes Begin Soon

Adult classes for Relief Society and genealogy workers will teach beginning and advanced typing. Classes will run 6:30 to 8:00 p.m., Mondays and Thursdays. Individual help and instruction by professional teachers. Call for reservations and further information.

LDS BUSINESS COLLEGE

Phone EM 3-2765
70 North Main Salt Lake City 11, Utah

Birthday Congratulations

One Hundred

Mrs. Eunice Lowry Molen
Great Falls, Montana

Ninety-eight

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Russell Day
Hunter, Utah

Ninety-five

Mrs. Laura G. Brown Nebeker
Pleasant Grove, Utah

Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson Young
Sanford, Colorado

Ninety-four

Mrs. Minnetta Permelia Brown Thorne
Manti, Utah

Mrs. Maria P. Thompson
Ephraim, Utah

Ninety-three

Mrs. Ada DeAn Alexander Bonner
Midway, Utah

Mrs. Sophia Anderson Workman
Francis, Utah

Mrs. Nora Meglemre
Yakima, Washington

Mrs. Mary Rowley
Grantsville, Utah

Mrs. Alice Gowans
Tooele, Utah

Ninety-two

Miss Isabella Catherine Rogers
Lewiston, Utah

Mrs. Rhoda Alice Hales Tanner
San Diego, California

Mrs. Georgina Toone Condie
Ogden, Utah

Ninety-one

Mrs. Albertha Nielson Hatch
Riverton, Wyoming

Mrs. Amalia Olson Ungerman
Castle Dale, Utah

Mrs. Martha Marie Packer Pierce
Brigham City, Utah

Mrs. Sarah Fitch Whyte
Lethbridge, Canada

Ninety

Mrs. Inger Ann Thompson Hansen
Preston, Idaho

Mrs. Mary Ann Giles Cummings
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Annie Glade Vine
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Mary Ann Cummings
Daly City, California

Mrs. Emeline Bingham Wood
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Sarah Van Natta Whipple Shaw
Salt Lake City, Utah

Someone Is Coming

Mabel Law Atkinson

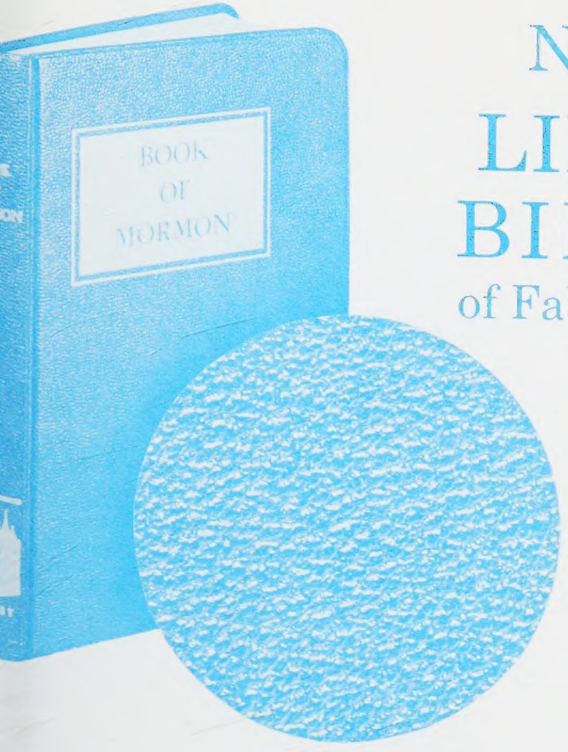
Someone is coming
Over the hill,
Golden her laughter
As wild daffodil.

Someone comes dancing
Over the land,
A little catkinned willow,
The wand in her hand.

Someone who waited
For winter to pass
Is singing her name
In rain on the grass.

Someone delightful
Advances, we know,
For in her footprints
The violets grow.

Rinsed by a shower,
His flute crystal-clear,
The glad lark is calling,
"April is here!"

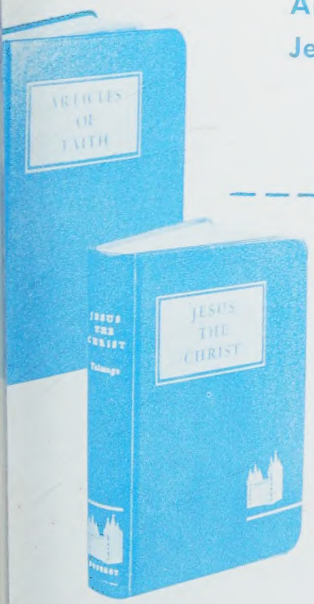


Close-up view of Fabricated leather cover

Now in new LIBRARY BINDINGS of Fabricated Leather (Fab-Lea)

These LDS classics and Standard Work are now available in the beautiful new Fab-Lea (fabricated leather) library bindings. If you are building a permanent library collection, these volumes in the new Fab-Lea will be most serviceable and enduring.

Book of Mormon **2.25**
Articles of Faith *James E. Talmage*..... **2.50**
Jesus the Christ *James E. Talmage*..... **3.50**



Deseret Book Co.
44 East South Temple -- Salt Lake City, Utah

Deseret Book Company
44 East South Temple Salt Lake City, Utah

Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ I have an account. Please charge for following books in new Fab-Lea (fabricated leather bindings:)
Amount enclosed $.....copies "Book of Mormon"
.....copies "Articles of Faith".....copies "Jesus the Christ"

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

Residents of Utah include 2½% sales tax.

BANCROFT LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY 4 CALIFORNIA

Is your home out on a limb - - - without mortgage insurance?

Some people — such as arctic explorers and small boys who build precariously perched tree-houses — like to live dangerously. But most of us prefer to play it safe ... especially when it comes to home and family.

There is only one thing more pathetic than a home without a mother — and that's a mother without a home. If the privilege of living in a home while you are paying for it is worth 5% or 6% interest, then the knowledge that your family will always have that home must be worth the additional 1% or 2% that it costs for mortgage insurance.

Will you leave your family a home—or just the memory of one? Beneficial Mortgage insurance makes all the difference.

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Beneficial Life Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dept. R 460

Check up now on your householding foresight . . .

Send for free folder "The House That Jack Built."

Name.....

Street or RFD.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

BENEFICIAL L

Insurance Compa

Is your Life Insurance with BENEFICIAL

Virgil H. Smith, Pres. Salt Lake City,